FAVORITE POEMS of FAMOUS PEOPLE

GEORGE LEON VARNEY

Mineral oil interferes with assimilation of vitamins and minerals and other essential nutritional elements A spoonful or two of flax seeds (raw or ground) daily will more nearly give the natural internal lubrication of the healthy mucous than mineral oil can.

The principal objection to frequent use of saline laxatives either is purified salts or natural purgative waters is that these salts interfere with assimilation and utilization of calcium especially in the young when calcium shortage impairs growth and development and causes teeth to suffer from caries in adults.

Teaching

The supervisor must be a master teacher first of all; he should be able to inspire wisely and justly analyze expertly estimate class work situations and then instruct teachers.

Political supervisors, paper administrators, supervisitions and arrogant misfits, inexperienced inept four flushers, and those with no real grade experience are unfit to act as supervisors.

Teaching must precede testing; children must not become guinea pigs by foolish testing

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Her Most Gracious Majesty, Elisabeth, Queen of Roumania

FAVORITE POEMS
OF
FAMOUS PEOPLE

The most unique book of its kind ever published
The book of the hour by our foremost authors, statesmen, playwrights, artists, etc.

Edited by
GEORGE LEON VARNEY

CHICAGO
VAUGHAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
1910

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TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

ELISABETH

QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

AND

TO

JAMES CARLETON YOUNG

"THE KING OF BOOKS"

TO THE READER.

Appreciating the fact that the book-loving public is tired of reviewing the pages of anthologies bearing the press marks of similarity; and again, realizing the necessity of a decided departure from the hackneyed style of compilation in order to attract general attention—the writer is bold enough to venture forth to present to you and your friends something which he trusts will be kindly received and be the means of re-kindling, if not creating, a spark of love for poetry in every human heart.

He invites you, earnestly and cordially, to peruse the following pages, and if you are a close observer, you will discover, among other things, those introductive features which contribute to the life and the support of its rareness and individualism.

Along with some of the masterpieces gleaned from the boundless poetical field, he presents many extracts from personal letters received by him from a number of prominent men and women of the day expressing, as they do, their respective views on a question of poetical value to the student and lover of verse. As the lines have been written by representative people, they are very instructive, as well as entertaining; and when collated and compared they offer a broad field of study for the modern psychologist and incidentally solve those questions so often asked by the budding poet in this materialistic age—"Do men and women of our time read poetry? Does the modern psalmist chant his melodies in vain? Are my efforts worth while?"

To you, dear poet and ambitious reader, the editor extends a palm of encouragement. The secret of the knowledge he would have whispered to you at one time he now shouts to the civilized world—"The human race reads and delights in poetry!" Why? Because, as one of our great

writers has said, "The great poets have sympathized with the people. They have uttered in all ages the human cry. Unbought by gold, unawed by power, they have lifted high the torch that illuminates the world." To-day, as in the low-vaulted past, the fire of inspiration is still burning, and poetry continues to be the incense and the sweet fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions and language.

To you, therefore, in the name of the vassals of the Muse, the work, with all its imperfections, is extended, with the hope that it may afford you some pleasure and inspiration. If you will study the offering and endeavor to be critical, it is safe to say that you will be amply rewarded by obtaining a "clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it."

GEORGE LEON VARNEY.

Washington's Birthday, 1910.

LEST WE FORGET.

Dumas has said, "Friendship consists in forgetting what one gives, and remembering what one receives." With this thought in mind, the editor pauses for a moment to render his grateful acknowledgment to those publishers and individuals whose professional courtesies and invaluable assistances have been the rare gifts contributed to the making of this volume. Indeed, it may be truthfully stated that each page of the work represents some kind thought, some worthy suggestion, or some deep personal interest on the part of those whose names add weight and honor to its virginity.

The editor should feel remiss, however, if he did not especially thank a number who have been in sympathy with the beautiful work from the very first and without whose coöperation the undertaking would not have been more than a mere possibility.

To Whitaker and Ray Wiggin Company, of San Francisco, we are indebted for the use of the following poems: "Good-Bye, Bret Harte," "Columbus," and "Is It Worth While," taken from the complete works of Joaquin Miller, published and copyrighted by said company.

To W. B. Conkey Company, of Hammond, Ind., the publishers of the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and to Mrs. Wilcox herself, for granting permission to print "Beyond" and "Life", taken from Mrs. Wilcox's works.

To the Vaughan Publishing Co., of Chicago, many thanks are due for the privilege of making extracts from the "Sermons from Shakespeare," one of the many volumes of the late Father Vaughan, printed and copyrighted by that company.

Special thanks are extended to C. P. Farrell, only authorized publisher of the writings of the late Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll, for the use of various extracts taken from "The

Dresden Edition of Col. Robt. Ingersoll's Complete Works," copyrighted and published by Mr. Farrell.

The poems by Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, Ralph Waldo Emerson and John Burroughs, are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of their works.

To Edgar S. Werner & Company, we offer thanks for the privilege of including "O Captain! My Captain," and "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," in this work.

To D. Appleton & Company many thanks are extended for their courtesy in allowing several poems from the works of William Cullen Bryant and one from Fitz-Greene Halleck's to be presented here.

To "The Outlook" we are indebted for the poem "A Creed," from the pen of Hon. Tudor Jenks.

To the editor of the "New York American" we feel grateful for the poem entitled "Victoria."

To Karl Edwin Harriman, editor of "The Green Book Album," we have reason to be thankful for the lines from an article penned by Mrs. Leslie Carter and copyrighted by said editor. The same holds true of a few lines presented from the pen of Viola Allen.

To Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, of Boston, and to Dr. Richard Burton, of Minneapolis, we give credit for the beautiful poem entitled "A Song of Life."

Among the many who have kindly consented in allowing certain choice material to be gleaned from their poetical works, or who have persuaded their publishers to grant the necessary privilege for reproduction of some poem or poems, the editor publicly acknowledges the deep interest displayed by the following parties and assures them that their many kindnesses will not be forgotten, but will ever command the gratitude and service of a humble editor, besides the praise and thanks offering of a grateful poetical people:

Charles Follen Adams, Capt. Jack Crawford, Ellen M. Huntington Gates, Theodosia Garrison, Maud R. Ingersoll, Hon. David Banks Sickles, Hon. Tudor Jenks, Joaquin Miller, Marcus P. Wheeler, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Sir Alfred Austin, Dr. Henry Van Dyke and Dr. Burton.

The editor and compiler has endeavored to duly credit all copyright work, so far as is known, to their respective publishers and authors. It has been the aim of all concerned to present a volume free from errors, but if some have crept in it is not the wilful fault of the editor or his fellow-beings. In a word, let us remember the "Golden Rule" and say with the poet—"To err is human, to forgive divine."

THE EDITOR.

WHAT IS POETRY?

Lady Margaret Sackville of England said quite recently:

"It is when life is unable to endure the pain of silence that it breaks into a cry which is poetry—and in poetry all art is included."

Charlotte Cushman, the great actress, once said:

"To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry."

Father Lawrence J. Vaughan, the noted Catholic divine, has stated in one of his sermons:

"Poetry lives in the realms of the imagination. Poetry is essentially creative. Poetry *does* depend upon words, and music, and measure, and rhyme."

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous agnostic, remarked in an address:

"The great poetry of the world keeps time with the wind and waves. The highly and purely poetic is the sudden bursting into blossom of a great and tender thought. The poetic is not the exceptional. A perfect poem is like a perfect day. It has the undefinable charm of naturalness and ease."

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THE FAVORITE POEMS AND VERSES OF NOTABLE PERSONAGES.

A Collection of Letters and Selections Contributed by Representatives of Many Branches of Activity in Answer to the Question—"What is your Favorite Poem?"

From Her Majesty Queen Alexandra of England

The Queen instructs her secretary to state to the editor that Her Most Gracious Majesty has no one favorite poem but that she likes many equally well, and the same may be said of songs.

It is interesting to recall, in connection with what the Queen Consort of England says in answer to the query, an incident which happened when Mrs. Gladstone, the wife of the great English statesman, was buried.

When the Queen, then the Princess of Wales, placed her tribute, a magnificent wreath, on the coffin of the deceased, she sent some pathetic lines to accompany her offering. The press reporters copied the beautiful lines and soon afterwards all England was inquiring whether or not their Princess was the composer of the verse. Inquiries made at Marlborough House revealed the fact that the household entertained no other idea but that the Princess was the author.

It later developed that the Royal person was not

the author of the lines. The poem from which they were copied was that beautiful one written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, our own American poetess.

By special permission of Mrs. Wilcox and her publishers, we reprint a number of its verses. The last four lines were those attached to the floral tribute sent by Her Royal Highness.

BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me
  Across to that strange country, the Beyond.
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
  The home of those of whom I am so fond.
It makes it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
  I think I almost see the gleaming strand.
I know I feel those who have gone from here
  Come close enough sometimes to touch my hand.
I often think but for our veiled eyes
We should find heaven right round about us here.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
  When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer Country of the dead
  And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world! yet I shall love to go
To meet the friends who wait for me I know.

I never stand above a bier and see
  The seal of death set on some well-loved face

But that I think "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there,
One more to make the strange "Beyond" seem fair."

* * * * * * * * *

It is but crossing with a bated breath,
A white set face! a little strip of sea—
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Charles Follen Adams—

The foremost American writer of German dialect verses. He is known in the world of letters as "Yawcob Strauss."

"I think if I were to mention my favorite poem I should say, offhand, Oliver Wendell Holmes' 'One Hoss Shay.' Perhaps I am influenced somewhat by my personal friendship with Dr. Holmes, who was exceedingly kind to me when I entered the field of German dialect literature, made popular by Charles Godfrey Leland, 'Hans Breitmann,' in the early seventies."

Mr. Adams' best known poem is that mirth-provoking gem entitled, "Little Yawcob Strauss." It is the account of the doing of the hero of the nursery. Of the poem some one has remarked: "It is like a summer's day—a little sunshine, a few clouds, a sprinkle of rain—and then we all feel better."

It was Dr. Holmes who wrote, among other things, to the poet: "As for 'Leedle Yawcob,' he is quite charming, and the pathetic surprise of the last verse has moistened thousands of eyes—these old ones of mine among the rest." Whittier, too, must have rec-

ognized the characteristic touch of pathos woven in the verse. In a letter, he styled the lines as "mirth-provoking, with a suggestion of pathos in the father's love for his hilarious offspring which makes tender the homely ruggedness of the verses in which the honest Teuton expresses his fatherly pride."

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS—(1876).

I haf von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes shust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.

He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all parts of der house:
But vot off dot? he vos mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der shticks to beat it mit,—
Mine cracious dot vas drue!

I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart
He kicks oop sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cut dot schmoodth blace oudt
From der hair ubon mine hed?

Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.

He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
Dot vas der roughest chouse:
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy boy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
Und peaceful dimes enshoy;

But vhen he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

Jane Addams—

One of the founders of "The Hull House," and perhaps the most active Social Settlement worker of the hour. Her writings and utterances on Social and Political Reform questions have given her a wide reputation.

"If I were asked to name a poem I read often with pleasure, I should name Matthew Arnold's 'Stagirius' and his 'Rugby Chapel,' with, possibly, Browning's 'Abt Vogler.'"

Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.—

Editor of "The Outlook." Succeeded Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

"I can only reply, as I do to many similar requests, that there is no one poem, no one book, no one essay, no one story that is my favorite, just as there is no one article of food, or no one form of recreation."

George Ade—

Author and playwright. The theater has introduced him to its lovers the country over, and to-day he is greeted by a host of admiring friends as Indiana's ablest contributor to the temple of amusement. Among his foot-light productions are "Peggy from Paris," "The Sultan of Sulu," "The County Chairman," "The College Widow," and "Just Out of College."

After giving the question due consideration, Mr. Ade writes: "I am compelled to reply that my favorite poems are a few of the old-fashioned and well-known ones. Gray's 'Elegy' among the older ones, Riley's 'Good-Bye, Jim,' among the modern verses dealing with our own people."

Brig. Gen. Edward Porter Alexander—

Served thruout the Civil War in the Confederate Army. Was Brig. Gen. and Chief of the Artillery, Longstreet's Corps, at the Battle of Appomattox, 1865.

Brig. Gen. Alexander is extremely fond of poetry and, besides contributing the following beautiful ode as his favorite, he has requested his wife to offer this interesting note:

"He (the General) learned this poem when a boy, finding it by accident in an old reader left in his school desk by an older sister. It attracted him so much even then that the mere reading of it over and over

for pleasure fastened it indelibly in his mind. It was anonymous in the reader and only in late years has he found out the author and that it is a magnificent translation. He has never met anyone who is familiar with it and only twice has seen or heard it mentioned by anyone else—once in an article by Andrew D. White and once by a lecturer on Russia."

(Note by Editor—Both Sir Gilbert Parker of England and Dr. Samuel Plantz of Lawrence College mention the ode among their favorites in this volume.)

ODE TO THE CREATOR.

Gabriel Romanovitch Derzhavin, the brilliant Russian statesman, Secretary of State under Catherine II, was born at Kazan, July 14, 1743, and died July 21, 1816. His poems appeared in four volumes in 1810, two years after his retirement from his positions at Court, and are marked by sublimity, originality, and purity of sentiment. Among them none surpasses his "Oda Bogu," "Ode to God," here given in the excellent translation of Sir John Bowring.

O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with THYSELF alone;
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays; but, God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence: Lord! on thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from thee,—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin, all life, all beauty thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art, and wert, and shall be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee,
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power accomplished thy commands.

All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Tho multiplied by myriads and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity; Oh, what am I then? Nought!

Nought? yet the effluence of thy light divine
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too;
Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
E'en to the throne of thy divinity
I am, O God! and surely THOU must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding, then to thee:
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom midst immensity.
Still I am something fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,

On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step in spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here? and how so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown? this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy:
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! thy wisdom and thy word
Created ME! thou Source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to THEE—its author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O vision blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill my breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus above my lonely thoughts can soar!
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good;
Midst thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Alfred Allen—

Author and playwright. His writings include "The Heart of Don Vega" and "Judge Lynch." The plays, "Jack the Giant Killer," "A Burglar's Honeymoon," and "Playmates," are from his pen.

"Man's mind is not a hut with only one window peeping down one trail. In his many moods, the light streams in through as many casements.

"When longing for Nature, for instance, Lanier's 'Hymns of the Marshes,' and other songs through which corn lives and streams sparkle, come singing to my windows—when lonely, Tennyson's from 'In Memoriam' and 'Break' respond to my throbbing chord—when in fighting mood, Browning or Whitman—so on for many days, many needs—till the glorious day of Love—then a thousand poets stand to their harps and sing—for that is their God-given task to be laureates of the heart."

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play;
O well for the sailor lad
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Viola Allen—

One of America's gifted actresses. Aside from her Shakespearean roles, the public applauds her as the heroine in Hall Caine's "The Christian," as Dolores "In the Palace of the King," as Sister Giovanna in "The White Sister," and as the star in other notable plays which have been presented during the past few years.

"Perhaps I am partial to Shakespeare because he was my childhood companion. I would rather play Viola than any character I have ever had. It is a character that seems to open the book of the heart and soul, and permit us to read it—in large sized type, too. There are several others of Shakespeare's women characters that might be placed in the same class with Viola, but I love her the best of all, and from her I take my name, 'Viola' Allen."

—From "The Green Book Album."

Rt. Rev. C. P. Anderson, D. D.—

Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Chicago.

The following note from the Bishop's secretary gives the noted divine's favorites:

"Bishop Anderson requests me to say in reply that his two favorite poems are Burns' 'A Man's a Man for A' That,' and Shelley's 'Clouds.' "

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty
  That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Our toils obscure, and a' that:
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that—
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
  Is king o'men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  What struts, and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that—
  His riband, star, and a' that—
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might—
  Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that—
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

Mrs. Larz Anderson—

America's Richest Woman Writer.

"I am very fond of Bret Harte's 'Heathen Chinee' and many of Shelley's."

Kan-Ichi Asakawa—

Japanese instructor in Yale University. He has written much concerning his native land for both Japanese and American periodicals.

"There is one poet to whom I return whenever I have an opportunity. He is Goethe. I admire almost every one of his poems I have read.

"I have no favorite among English and American poets. While I like works by many of them, I am enthusiastic over none but Shakespeare, although I have once admired some."

In another letter written at a later date, Dr. Asakawa enclosed the following extracts from "Faust" as

his particular favorites. He also adds: "I fail to admire any of the current English translations of 'Faust.'"

FROM GOETHE'S FAUST.

PART I.

"Prolog im Himmel."
(The whole.)

"Doch lass uns dieser Stunde schönes Gut
Durch solchen Trübsinn nicht verkümmern!
Betrachte, wie in Abendsonne-Gluth
Die grünumgebnen Hütten schimmern.
Sie rückt und weicht, der Tag ist überlebt,
Dort eilt sie hin und fördert neues Leben.
O dass kein Flügel mich vom Boden hebt,
Ihr nach und immer nach zu streben!
Ich säh' im ewigen Abendstrahl
Die stille Welt zu meinen Füssen,
Entzündet alle Höh'n, beruhigt jedes Thal,
Den Silberbach in goldne Ströme fliessen.
Nicht hemmte dann den göttergleichen Lauf
Der wilde Berg mit allen seinen Schluchten;
Schon thut das Meer sich mit erwärmten Buchten
Vor den erstaunten Augen auf.
Doch scheint die Göttin endlich wegzusinken;
Allein der neue Trieb erwacht,
Ich eile fort ihr ew'ges Licht zu trinken,
Vor mir den Tag und hinter mir die Nacht,
Den Himmel über mir und unter mir die Wellen.
Ein schöner Traum, indessen sie entweicht.
Ach! zu des Geistes Flügeln wird so leicht
Kein körperlicher Flügel sich gesellen.
Doch ist es jedem eingeboren,

Dass sein Gefühl hinauf und vorwärts dringt,
Wenn über uns, im blauen Raum verloren,
Ihr schmetternd Lied die Lerche singt;
Wenn über schroffen Fichtenhöhen
Der Adler ausgebreitet schwebt,
Und über Flächen, über Seen,
Der Kranich nach der Heimat strebt."

—Vor dem Thor.

PART II.
Erster Act—Anmuthige Gegend.
(The whole.)

"Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben,
Der Täglich sie erobern muss.
Und so verbringt, umrungen von Gefahr,
Hier Kindheit, Mann und Greis sein tüchtig Jahr.
Solch ein Gewimmel möcht ich sehn,
Auf freiem Grund mit freiem Volke stehn.
Zum Augenblicke dürft' ich sagen:
Verweile doch, du bist so schön!
Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdetagen
Nicht in Äonen untergehn—
Im Vorgefühl von solchem hohen Glück
Geniess' ich jetzt den höchsten Augenblick."

—V Act Grosser Vorhof des Palasts.

Irving Bacheller—

Author of many popular fiction books, including "Eben Holden," "D'ri and I," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," "Silas Strong" and others.

"I think that my favorite poems would be Longfellow's Sonnet entitled, 'Nature' and Gray's 'Elegy.'

"While only a part of a poem, the fifty lines or so of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' beginning 'Hail, holy

light' and continuing through his reflections on his own blindness, are the loftiest summit of human expression."

JOHN MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though, my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest he returning chide;
  "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
  Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
    Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
    They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

"They charge me with poverty, because I never desired to become rich dishonestly; they accuse me of blindness, because I have lost my eyes in the service of liberty; they tax me with cowardice, and while I had the use of my eyes and my sword I never feared the boldest among them; finally, I am upbraided with deformity, while no one was more handsome in the age of beauty. I do not even complain of my want of sight; in the night with which I am surrounded the light of the Divine presence shines with a more bril-

liant lustre. God looks down upon me with tenderness and compassion, because I can now see none but Himself. Misfortune should protect me from insult, and render me sacred; not because I am deprived of the light of heaven, but because I am under the shadow of the Divine wings which have enveloped me with this darkness."

Henry Clay Barnabee—

"The Grand Old Man of the American Stage." For over fifty-five years he has been before the footlights and during that period of time has been the leading operatic comedian in scores of theatrical successes at home and abroad. He will ever be remembered as one of the organizers of the famous "Bostonians," and as the "Admiral" in Sullivan's "Pinafore" and as the "Sheriff of Nottingham" in "Robin Hood." Not long ago, he is reported to have said,—"There's nothing like the comic-opera life to make a tireless optimist of a man."

"I think I have decided upon three poems I have a particular liking for, viz: Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard,' Mr. Longfellow's 'King Robert of Sicily' and Edgar Allen Poe's 'The Raven.' The first I love to read to myself. 'Robert of Sicily' I consider one of the finest sermons ever written, and 'The Raven' the most dramatic poem in the language."

Lawrence Barrett (1839-1891)—

Mr. Barrett was one of the greatest tragedians on the American stage.

It has been recorded that the actor was a lover of Gray's "Elegy," Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

David Belasco—

For over twenty-five years, Mr. Belasco has been connected with the mimic sphere. Among the successful plays which have been launched during the past few seasons and which owe their being to Mr. Belasco are—"Zaza," "The Heart of Maryland," "The Darling of the Gods," "Du Barry," "Adrea," and "A Grand Army Man."

"Our favorite poems are not always those that are the greatest, but if you ask me what poem I have enjoyed, perhaps more than any other, and read more often, I should answer Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' Then, too, I am very fond of the 'Lamia' of Keats', and of Shelley's 'Adonais.'"

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell—

Known the world over as the inventor of the telephone. At present, he is deeply interested in solving the secrets of aerial flight.

In behalf of Dr. Bell, his secretary informs the editor that among the inventor's favorites he counts Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and Burns' "A Man's a Man for A' That."

Fanny Weston Bixby—

The Californian Philanthropist.

"The poem which means most to me of all I know is George Eliot's 'The Choir Invisible.' That and Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,' are the guiding stars of my life. I know them both by heart and often say them to myself. Walt Whitman is a great favorite of mine, but I take his work as a whole rather than in single poems."

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is Heaven;
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky

Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Marguerite Bouvet—

Author and lecturer. Her writings occupy a unique place among the juvenile works of to-day. Her successful books are,—"Clotilde," "Sweet William," "Pierrette," "Prince Tip-Top," "Tales of An Old Château," etc.

"My favorite poems in literature, beginning with the classics, are:

1. "The More Modern Ballad of Chevy Chase," taken from the "Ancient Ballade of Chevy Chase," of which Sir Philip Sydney said: "I never heard the old song of Pierce and Douglas that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet."

2. "A Passionate Shepherd to His Love," "The Nymph's Reply," Sir Walter Raleigh.

3. "The Quality of Mercy," Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Scene I, Wm. Shakespeare.

4. "Wolsey's Farewell," Henry VIII, Act 3, Scene II, Wm. Shakespeare.

5. "And Peaceful was the Night," from "The Hymn of the Nativity," John Milton.

6. "The Omnipresence of the Deity," Alexander Pope.

7. "The Cotter's Saturday Night," Robert Burns.

8. "The Coliseum," Lord Byron.

9. "Launcelot and Elaine," "Guinevere," Idyls of the King, Alfred Tennyson.

10. "The Chambered Nautilus," Oliver Wendell Holmes.

11. "Maud Muller," John Greenleaf Whittier.

12. "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above his sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

Hon. William Jennings Bryan—

Journalist, orator, traveller and thrice the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Mr. Bryan contributes this interesting note to the work: "My favorite poem is Bryant's 'Ode to a Waterfowl.' My father used to have me read it to him

when I was a boy and before I was old enough to appreciate its beauty. I have used the concluding stanzas in my lecture, 'The Prince of Peace,' as you will see from the enclosed."

(EXTRACT FROM MR. BRYAN'S "THE PRINCE OF PEACE.")

To those who have grown gray in the faith I need not speak of the peace to be found in the belief in an overruling Providence. Christ taught that our lives are precious in the sight of God, and poets have taken up the theme and woven it into immortal verse. No uninspired writer has expressed the idea more beautifully than William Cullen Bryant in the "Ode to a Waterfowl." After following the wanderings of the bird of passage as it seeks first its northern and then its southern home, he concludes (here the last two stanzas are given).

TO A WATERFOWL.

("Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.")

Whither amidst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given;
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady—

Rector of an Episcopal parish, and the author of many excellent stories. The legions of Rev. Brady's followers have found in his catalogue many breezy, wholesome love stories as well as a number of historical novels and a group of juvenile books. "For Freedom of the Sea," "When Blades are Out and Love's Afield," "The Southerners," "Three Daughters of the Confederacy," "The Blue Ocean's Daughter," and many others are among his successful novels.

"My favorite poems are:
"Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'
"Keats' 'Ode to a Nightingale.'
"Keats' 'Ode on a Grecian Urn.'
"Lowell's 'Present Crisis.'
"Shakespeare's Sonnets.
"Mrs. Browning's 'Cry of the Human.'
"Kipling's 'Recessional.'
"Scott's 'Marmion.'"

"THE PRESENT CRISIS."

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east
to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem
of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems
to and fro;

At the birth of each new Era with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier manchild leaps beneath the Future's heart.

Backward look across the ages, and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises; God's stern winnowers; from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone;

Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden
beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith
divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's
supreme design.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves,
Worshipers of light ancestral, make the present light
a crime;—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by
men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make
Plymouth rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old icono-
clasts;
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the
Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that
hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender
spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them
across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are
traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-
fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we in our
haste to slay,

From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral
lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of
today?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient
good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who keep abreast
of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must
Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-
rusted key.

Brig.-Gen. E. S. Bragg—

Noted soldier and diplomat. His brilliant military career is too well known to be reviewed here. Besides serving in the halls of Congress, he has represented his country in Mexico, in Cuba and in China. It was the general who seconded the nomination of Grover Cleveland, in 1884, using the phrase, "We love him for the enemies he has made."

The general's favorites are Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," "Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Old Boys," and all of "Shakespeare's works."

FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—II.

I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires.

Luther Burbank—

"The Wizard of Horticulture." Originator of many new varieties of fruits and flowers.

In answer to the query, the noted naturalist states that he has no favorite poem, but, as he adds, "My favorite among poets is Ella Wheeler Wilcox."

John Burroughs—

America's foremost naturalist and exponent of the simple life. He has written many poems besides a number of books.

Extract from letter dated March 9, 1909:

"I wish to say I have no favorite poem. I love all great poetry from Homer down. . . . You might as well ask me what is my favorite flower or bird or tree or star."

WAITING.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

This poem of serene confidence has made John Burroughs famous as a poet.

Rev. Robert J. Burdette—

The most noted humorist and lecturer on the Pacific Coast. Since 1903 he has been pastor of the Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles.

The noted clergyman did not answer the editor's question, but has kindly contributed a greeting which is entitled, "Keep Sweet and Keep Movin'—A Message for the New Year."

"KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVIN'."

Greeting! A Message for the New Year. Contributed by the author.

Homely phrase of our southland bright—
Keep steady step to the flam of the drum;
Touch to the left—eyes to the right—
Sing with the soul tho' the lips be dumb.

Hard to be good when the wind's in the east;
Hard to be gay when the heart is down;
When "they that trouble you are increased,"
When you look for a smile and see a frown.
But
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Sorrow will shade the blue sky gray—
Gray is the color our brothers wore;
Sunshine will scatter the clouds away;
Azure will gleam in the skies once more.
Colors of Patience and Hope are they—
Always at even in one they blend;
Tinting the heavens by night and day,
Over our hearts to the journey's end.
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Hard to be sweet when the throng is dense,
When elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offense
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud;
"Keep to the right" in the city's throng;
"Divide the road" on the broad highway;
There's one way right when everything's wrong;
"Easy and fair goes far in a day."
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
The lifetime chance for a "help" is missed;
The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred,
A kind hand clenched makes an ugly fist.

When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
The spark lies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
Banish the fear with a smile serene
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Dr. Richard Burton—

Noted educator and author. His poetical works include "Dumb in June," "Memorial Day," "Lyrics of Brotherhood," and a "Song of the Unsuccessful."

The Doctor, in a recent letter, stated that the Bible, Shakespeare and Browning contain his favorite reading.

The following beautiful poem is from the book entitled, "Dumb in June," by Doctor Burton. Mr. James Carleton Young suggests that it be printed in this volume as one of his favorites.

"A SONG OF LIFE."

A song, boys, a song!
Life is young yet,
Love has tongue yet,
Why should Life and Love go wrong?
Come, boys, a song!

A song, boys, a song!
Life's at blush still,
Love's a-blush still,
What though cares and curses throng?
Come, boys, a song!

A song, boys, a song!
Life is gray now,
Love's away now,

We are left to limp along;
Still, boys, a song!

A song, boys, a song!
Death is here soon,
Death will cheer soon,
Death is nigh, and Love is strong;
So, boys, a song!

George W. Cable—

The writer who has presented us with the most amusing adventures of Creole life. Author of "Old Creole Days," "Madam Delphine," "The Silent South," "Strong Hearts," "The Cavalier," "Posson Jone" and "Pe're Raphael."

"Not at all thru critical discrimination, but from life-long familiarity and by reason of its haunting quality in the memory, my favorite is Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard'—if I have a standing favorite at all."

Rev. Samuel Parkes Cadman, D. D.—

Pastor of Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. He is, also, one of the most eloquent speakers on the Lyceum platform today.

"My favorite poem is perhaps to be found in the opening verses of 'In Memoriam' by Lord Tennyson."

"IN MEMORIAM."

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Andrew Carnegie—

Capitalist and philanthropist. The "Carnegie libraries" have made him famous. He has written several books, including, "'Round the World," "The Gospel of Wealth," "The Empire of Business," and "The Life of James Watt."

"The Leaves of the Lotos," by Col. David Banks Sickles.

The laird of Skibo Castle acknowledges the infinite

delight to be found in the sweet-scented leaves of the Orient, when he remarks to the Colonel:

"I have laid your poems aside where they can be picked up at night and read as the 'Good Night' to the gods, or rather with the gods, before going to sleep."

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

(By Special Permission.)

The following graceful tribute to Mr. Andrew Carnegie for his splendid work in contributing magnificent libraries to the world, and especially to America, is from the pen of Col. David Banks Sickles, author of "Leaves of the Lotos":

Who gives the best to man gives most to God,
And deeds beneficent inspired by noble minds
Gladden the world and add new joys to heaven;
So with exalted aim and grand design
He caused the streams of fortune's golden fount,
To flow throughout the land he loved so well,
That all might know the blessings and the bliss
Of knowledge boundless as the eternal years—
Of wisdom stored in tomes of sages venerable,
By parchment bound and clasped with bronze or gold—
Volumes that tell of mystic rites revered
And ancient faiths by reason overthrown—
Words imperishable on olden vellum writ —
With all their wealth of classic lore,
A mind-enriching revenue of thought,
Annals of centuries of men that lived and died—
Some in contempt and some with honor crowned—
Records of empires risen and decayed,

Of wars and pestilence, of fire and flood.
And all the woes and all the joys and peace
That mark the march of dominating man,
As genius treads with stately steps
Adown the wreck-strewn avenues of time
Volumes that tell of tireless searches made
In ocean's depths and cavernous domains;
In aerial space and starry spheres remote;
The mighty laws whereby the mountains lift
Their snow-crowned brows beyond the towering clouds;
Cosmos concrete with all its awful powers
Held subject to one everlasting will.
All this and more, the feeblest one may learn,
And study man and man's immortal mind;
And in the quest find happiness supreme.

Mrs. Leslie Carter—

The noted American actress.

The following extract is from an article written by the talented actress herself and was printed in the November number of "The Green Book Album"—'09. Permission granted by editor.

"One of my favorite sources of help and inspiration is Mrs. Browning, and from nothing in all literature have I and my career gained such an uplift as from her poem.

'What are we set on earth for? Say to toil:
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign, and He assigns

All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor to their heart and hand
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.'

"To realize the beauty and truth of this is to be helped mightily on the weary march and the increasing battle of life. And my career on the stage has always helped me to realize that I, a woman and alone, had to fight in the ranks. Failures—who has not known them? Do you suppose that I, choosing the stage for my career, hoped at one bound to reach the stars? Alas! it was three years before I had a speaking part! And all the time it was work and study and striving against the time when opportunity should come."

Hon. Chas. Chaille-Long—

After serving in the ranks of the Union forces, this noted soldier and diplomat became an officer of the Egyptian army, and as such served on Governor-General Gordon's staff. Later he headed the expedition which discovered Lake Ibrahim and was one of those who executed the treaty with King M'Tesa, annexing Uganda to Egypt. He has held various diplomatic posts and has been decorated with various honors.

"I may say that I love poetry as I love flowers—varies in hue and perfume. For example, 'The Iliad of Homer,' the 'Epithets of Horace,' 'The Ode of Anacreon,' the 'Æneid of Virgil,' 'The Marseillaise' of Rouget de Lisle, 'The Star Spangled Banner' of Key, 'Hiawatha' of Longfellow, 'The Raven,' 'Eldorado,' 'Annabel Lee' of Poe, the 'Ode to a Mummy' of Smith,

the 'Elegy' of Gray's, Byron's 'Childe Harold,' 'The Sunset' of Moore's—as a bouquet of flowers, I like them all."

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise:
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing.
To arms! to arms! ye, brave, etc.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee!
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing

That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, etc.

Howard Chandler-Christy—

One of America's best illustrators of novels and magazines, and known in art circles as the creator of the beautiful "Christy Girl." He was with the "Rough Riders" during the Spanish-American War.

"I like Meredith's 'Aux Italiens' perhaps as well as any, and the 'Song of Hiawatha,' Longfellow, and I also like the strength and go of Sir Walter Scott's 'Lochinvar.'"

LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war—
There never was knight like young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented!—the gallant came late!
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers and all;

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?—
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter; my suit you denied:—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up.
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh.
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume.
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung!
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!

"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran;
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Joe Mitchell Chapple—
Editor of "The National Magazine."

"It would be a difficult thing among my large family of choice sayings to make a selection, but I think the choicest jewel of all literature is 'Abou Ben Adhem.'"

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

By Leigh Hunt.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor—

Writer of many fascinating stories and one of the few Americans who have been highly honored and decorated by various foreign orders in appreciation of artistic, literary and scientific ability. He is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and Officer de l' Instruction Publique, France, a chevalier of the Order of Isabella the Catholic, Spain; a chevalier of the Order of St. James, Portugal. "Molière, a Biography," is his masterpiece. "The Crimson Wing," "The Vice of Fools," "The Idle Born," and "Fame's Pathway" are among his many books.

"I beg to say that, while it is difficult to choose one's favorite poem, I should say that mine, among the shorter poems, are Shelley's 'Skylark' and Stephen Phillips' 'Marpessa.' Among longer poems I should choose Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King,' and Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.'"

John Vance Cheney—

The noted librarian and poet. Among his volumes are "Thistle-Drift," "Wood Blooms," "Out of the Silence," and "Poems."

"The poems of the Old Testament are my prime favorites. For a modern poem I may name Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Intimation of Immortality.'"

PSALM 121. LEVAVI OCULOS.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

2. My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5. The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

6. So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

The above psalm is mentioned by Rev. Chas. Frederic Goss in his list of favorites.

Winston Churchill—

The position of Mr. Churchill among the literary men of the day is one of the highest. His books are masterpieces and have attracted wide attention. As a rule they are historical novels, each one breathing the life of a certain period in our country's history. Among his strong, stirring and virile tales are "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," "The Crossing," "Coniston," "The Celebrity," etc. Mr. Churchill is a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy.

"The poem which I believe I like the best of all that I have ever read is that called 'To a True Romance,' by Rudyard Kipling."

Dr. Robert Collyer—

Known as the "Octogenarian Preacher of the Unitarian Church" and "The Blacksmith Preacher." For over half a century he has been one of the leading lights in American church circles. Besides writing several volumes which have enjoyed a large sale, he has a library containing over four thousand books.

The aged clergyman selects the following as his favorites:

1. Chaucer's "Pilgrims."
2. "Cotter's Saturday Night," Robert Burns.
3. Whittier's "Snowbound."
4. Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality."
5. Longfellow.
6. Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal."
7. Emerson.
8. Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sailed the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Samuel L. Clemens, "Mark Twain" (1835-1910)—

Was recognized as the greatest of American humorists, an able critic and a voluminous writer. Shortly before his death, England's leading university conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Letters. Among the notable entertainments accorded him during his last trip to England were a luncheon given in his honor

by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool and a banquet tendered him at the House of Commons. He was one of the few Americans to have dined with the King of England. His chief books are "The Innocents Abroad," "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," "A Tramp Abroad," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Joan of Arc," "Eve's Diary," "Life on the Mississippi," etc.

"Mr. Clemens asks me to write for him in answer to your recent letter, and say that his favorite poem is the 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.' J. Lyons,

"March 26, 1909. Secretary."

(Note by Editor:—Some kind friend has drawn the editor's attention to the fact that shortly before his death Mr. Clemens, in speaking of Shelley's "To a Skylark," declared that he read that poem more than any other to his wife, and in his opinion it was not only the most famous lyric in the English language, but the most beautiful in any language.)

Edmund Vance Cooke—

Well-known poet. He has written many stories and articles of general interest for various magazines.

The following lines are taken from Mr. Cooke's letter:

"Where shall I begin and which shall I put first? Shall I say Lowell's 'Commemorative Ode,' or Riley's 'Happy Little Cripple'? One must like them both, but in what different ways? I delight in a piece of delicious foolery, artistically done, such as Bunner's 'Behold the Deeds,' but you must not expect me to forget Gray's 'Elegy' while I am doing it. When I think of Tennyson, I ought to think of 'In Memoriam' and indeed I do, but can a long poem really be a favorite poem, one of those favorites which snuggle into the heart and mind

like the same bard's 'Northern Farmer,' for example, or, at the other extreme, his 'Flower in the Crannied Wall.' Hood's 'Haunted House' has a mysterious, thrilling command of me which I have never been able to define, but can I say it is more of a favorite than Burn's 'A Man's a Man for a' That'? I like the sweet serenity of Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' and I like the glorious grit of Henley's 'Invictus.' ''

> Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is.

George Willis Cooke—

Noted New England author and lecturer. His writings for the most part are confined to the life and the works of our earlier poets and scholars.

Mr. Cooke names the following three poems as his favorites for this volume:

Walt Whitman's ''Pioneers, O Pioneers.''
Algernon Chas. Swinburne's ''A Marching Song.''
William Morris' ''The Day Is Coming.''

Palmer Cox—

Known wherever books are read as the creator of the ''Brownie'' and of ''Queer People.''

In printing the following extracts from a personal letter received not many days ago from Mr. Cox himself, the editor wishes to acknowledge the fact that it is one of the most valuable and most interesting bits of literary information it has been his pleasure to receive during the compilation of this work.

"I would say that I have extracted as much pleasure from 'Marco Bozzaris,' by Fitz-Green Halleck as from any American poem I now call to mind. It is not without fire and feeling. It was my privilege to stand in the grass and witness the unveiling of Halleck's statue in Central Park, New York, over thirty years ago. William Cullen Bryant delivered an address from the platform, surrounded by other well-known poets of the time. It was with no little satisfaction that I stood, even as an outsider and unknown, to see the honor paid the poet, for his 'Marco' had been striking for his altars and his fires through my head since my schoolboy days, when I was fortunate enough to commit the poem to memory.

"I have repeated it to myself oftener than anything else in the language except, perhaps, the Lord's prayer; and I trust I am not done with it yet. Whatever else Halleck may have written it was undoubtedly that poem which placed him in his marble chair in the Park, with Shakespeare on his right, Sir Walter Scott on his left, and Bobby Burns within hearing.

"With regard to poems by the British poets I may say that I prefer Byron's 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.' Of course, there are passages in it that may not stir or thrill the reader as parts in many other noble poems will that pass before me in grand review as I write, but it covers a wide territory, over flood and field, and is enriched with so many glorious passages that nestle in the memory as the years roll by. Let me mention a few, his ode at Parnassus beginning at Stanza LX, Canto I—

'Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey.'

and then the lines on Waterloo, beginning at Stanza XXI, Canto III—

'There was a sound of revelry by night,'

and lastly, the allusion to the Ocean beginning at Stanza CLXXVIII, Canto IV—

'There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal,' etc.

"How unfortunate is the person whom Fate permits to wander by the waste of waters, and who knows nothing of those seven or eight stanzas.

"As I read the poem I find myself bending low in adoration of that gifted mind that gave it to the world, and made even my humble walks much brighter by its presence."

MARCO BOZZARIS.

(Reprinted from Halleck's Poems, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.)

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:

In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
  In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
  As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
  Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
  Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
  On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
  As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
  That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
  And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
  Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
  God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
  And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
  Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
  Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
  Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
  With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou are terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
  Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—

Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells:
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace-couch and cottage-bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears

For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys.
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

Capt. John Wallace Crawford—

"Capt. Jack Crawford." "Nature's Poet Laureate." Known in America today as "The Poet Scout," he has enjoyed a career as adventurous and as romantic as ever a hero in the annals of fiction has been blessed with. Born in Ireland in 1847, he left the Emerald Isle in early boyhood and came to America. When but sixteen years of age, we find him enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment shouldering a gun for the great cause; in 1864, he fell wounded at the Battle of Spottsylvania, and again, in 1865, he was hit by a piece of shell. After the war he is discovered working in the coal mines, but on learning of the rush for the western regions, he joins the forces and becomes one of the pioneers that opened up the Black Hills country. It is here where he took up the work which has long since made him famous in Western history—that of scouting.

As a scout he went into the Sitting Bull campaign as the chief of advance agents, under Gen. Wesley Merritt. He led the charge at Owl Creek, Wyoming, and later became the scout of scouts with Gens. Hatch and Buel in the campaign against Geronimo and Victoria. He later served with Gen. Lawton and after the last Apache campaign was appointed post trader by Hon. Robert Lincoln, then Secretary of War.

As a poet, Capt. Jack shines like a star in the galaxy of

Nature's psalmists. The Pittsburgh Gazette pays a glowing tribute to his writings when it says:

"No minstrel ever sang sweeter songs than the pen of this hardy plainsman indites; no painter ever covered canvas with more vivid hues than the verbal children of this frontiersman's brain; no pulpiteer ever thundered more telling sermons than bedeck the poesy of this sturdy hero of a hundred ambuscades. He is an unlettered lingual floriculturist in whose garden the sweetest smelling garlands of speech bloom perennially."

When this most interesting character was approached by Mr. Varney to make a choice of favorites from his own works, he most willingly consented, and by the special permission of the poet himself, the editor takes pleasure in presenting to the reader several selections which among others have been gleaned from the poetical works of "the only American scout that has ever dignified literature."

The favorite of Capt. Jack's is the poem entitled "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

(This is considered by William Jennings Bryan to be his favorite from Capt. Crawford's writings.)

WHAR' THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN.

Do I like the city, stranger? 'Tisn't likely that I would;
'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could
Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud unearthly noise—
Everybody in a hurry, men an' wimmin', gals an' boys,

All a rushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble an' the jar,
Jes' as if their souls' salvation 'pended on their gittin' thar.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the borderland out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Nothin' har' but bricks an mortar, towerin' overhead so high,
That you never see a quarter o' the overhangin' sky,
Not a tree or grassy medder, not a runnin' brook in sight,
Nothin' but the buildin's' shadder makin' gloom of Heaven's light.
Ev'n the birds are all imported from away acrost the sea—
Faces meet me all distorted with the hand of misery.

Roarin' railroad trains above you, streets by workmen all defaced,
Everybody tryin' to shove you in the gutter in their haste.
Cars an' carts an' wagons rumblin' thru the streets with defen'n' roar,
Drivers yellin', swearin', grumblin', jes' like imps from Sheol's shore,
Factories jinin' in the chorus, helpin' o' the din to swell,
Auctioneers in tones sonorous, lyin' 'bout the goods they sell.

Yes, I love the Western border; pine trees wavin' in the air,
Rocks piled up in rough disorder, birds a sing'n' everywhere;
Deer a playin' in their gladness, elk a feedin' in the glen;
Not a trace o' pain or sadness campin' on the trail o' men.
Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin' o'er the rocks, an' lovely flowers
In their tinted beauty growin' in that borderland of ours.

Fairer picture the Creator
Never threw on earthly screen,
Than my home, sweet home o' Natur'
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

"The Broncho Philosopher" names "Sunshine" as his second choice.

SUNSHINE.

Here is a typical ray of sunshine from the pen of Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet scout:

I never like to see a man a-'rastlin' with the dumps,
'Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch the trumps;
But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss
As takes his dose, and thanks the Lord it isn't any wuss.

There ain't no use o' kickin' and swearin' at your luck,
Yer can't correct the trouble mor'n you can drown a duck.
Remember, when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
And lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back, and holler, "How'd d' you do?"
And grab his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's a hurtin' 'im, and laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day;
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain,
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain,
And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by,
We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smilin' sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores

Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours;
But always keep rememberin' when cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

THE WOMANHOOD OF MAN.

There is gold in every fibre
Of the Womanhood of Man;
It has ebbed and flowed in blood and tears
Since this old world began,
From the veins and souls of heroes
And of heroines, since the day
When women wept and Jesus died
To wash our sins away.

I am just an optimistic,
Reckless, broncho sort of chap;
Though I stand for peace and justice
I am always in a scrap,
But my ancestors were fighters
Since red warfare first began,
And my only saving grace is
In the Womanhood of Man.

I have prospected for treasure
In the gold lands of the West,
I have driven many a tunnel
In the mountain's rugged breast,
And I've found each little leader
From bedrock to surface pan,
Was a mother-loaded magnet
From the Womanhood of Man.

I have sunk down to the bedrock
In a wayward brother's soul,
When the whispered name of "Mother"
Caused the God-sent tears to roll
From a seeming barren desert
Down the cheeks, all bronzed with tan;
It was God's assay for "colors"
In the Womanhood of Man.

I have tested modest manhood
In the fiery front of war,
I have analyzed the metal
In the blood of many a scar,
And have found the lion-hearted
Whole-souled hero of the clan
Was the optimistic product
Of the Womanhood of Man.

If you want to find the metal
That is twenty karats fine,
You must prospect on the surface
Ere you sink to strike the mine;
But you'll find it in the tailings
If you'll test them with the pan—
Find the gold of strenuous manhood
In the Womanhood of Man.

I would rather "face the music"
When the wild Apaches yell,
Rather face the hell of battle
Amid storms of shot and shell,
Than suppress the tears of gladness,
Or of sadness, while I can

Realize they are the essence
Of the Womanhood of Man.

'Tis the womanhood of manhood
That is always reaching out;
It has been my lone companion
While on many a dangerous scout,
And wherever fate may place me
I shall do the best I can
To be worthy of the manhood
Of the Womanhood of Man.

Perhaps in no character of history is the influence of a mother so manifested as in the whole life of Capt. Jack. His tribute to his mother is high and beautiful:

"I owe all that I am, all that I ever expect to be, to the influence of a Christian mother. Because of father's intemperance I was deprived of the first rudiments of an education, and knowing this, when on her death bed, mother asked me to never touch intoxicants, and I never have. I owe much to 100 noble women who have taken my hand and with tears in their eyes said, 'God bless you for the story you have given my boy.'"

It was because of woman's influence and woman's encouragement that he was inspired to write "The Womanhood of Man," his poem which has been given to the public by the "Philistine."

To the man and the poem ex-Gov. Adams of Colorado pays this compliment:

"I thank you for the advance copy of 'The Womanhood of Man.' It is a fine piece of sentiment. You have never done better. It is a portrait—you have thought to idealize; instead, you have painted the heart picture of Captain Jack. Unconsciously it is yourself

that has been caught in your poetical kodak. In your kindness, affection and gentleness you are as true as the woman who nursed you, but in an emergency there would flash the spirit of 'Ancestors who were fighters, ever since the world began.'

"Like President Roosevelt, you could without flinching, strike the center hard for fight, for country or for friends."

Elliott Daingerfield—

America's best known Religious Painter. He has painted more Madonnas than any other American artist.

"I think I love, first, 'The Ode to the Nightingale,' by John Keats, but I would also like to include his 'Grecian Urn' and Shelley's 'Skylark' and his 'Ode to the West Wind'—and further, I would be untrue to myself if I did not say how deeply I love Browning's 'Abt Vogler' and his 'Saul.' "

William J. Davis (Will Davis)—

Prominent in the theatrical world as a theater manager. He was one of the owners and managers of the ill-fated Iroquois. He was also the organizer of the famous Chicago Church Choir Opera Company. He has befriended more actors and actresses than any other person connected with the stage in recent years.

"Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard' and Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' are my favorite poems. I don't know which of the poems I most admire, but they are both appealing in a degree reached by no other verses I was ever fortunate enough to read."

Jefferson De Angelis—

One of the foremost comedians on the American stage.

"Tennyson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Burns, all have my deepest admiration. Bret Harte's dialect poems I love. Kipling I enjoy immensely."

Ellen Douglas Deland—

From her gifted pen has flowed many a pure, wholesome story for our young American women. Very few there are among us who have not enjoyed the hours spent "In the Old Herrick House," or got acquainted with her "Katrina," "Josephine," "Malvern," and "Alan Ransford," or know the tale of "Oakleigh."

Extract from a recent letter:

"I think, however, that Robert Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' expresses my own philosophy of life, and next to that I like his 'Abt Vogler.' I am also very fond of Robert Herrick's 'To Daffodils,' 'When I Am Dead,' by Christina Rossetti, and 'At the Church Gate,' by W. M. Thackeray."

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
    Ofttimes I hover:
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
    Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
    And noise and humming:

They've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell:
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here—she's past—
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly:
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

Delphin M. Delmas—

As one of the ablest lawyers of the day, Mr. Delmas has appeared in a number of trials which have attracted more than ordinary attention. He is widely known as the one who acted as counsel for Harry Thaw in the Thaw-White Murder Case in 1907.

"I beg leave to state that my favorite poem—if by favorite is meant the one most frequently and admiringly read—is the third and fourth cantos of 'Childe

Harold.' If your question refers to shorter poems, I would then name Byron's poem 'Darkness' and Tennyson's 'Tithonus.' ''

Admiral George Dewey (''The Hero of Manila'')—

It is announced to the public that the Admiral's favorite is Leigh Hunt's ''Abou Ben Adhem.'' It is regarded as one of the finest poems ever written and is an epitome of true Christianity. The poem is printed elsewhere in this volume.

Walter Del Mar—

Retired banker of London, England. His publications on travels include ''Around the World,'' ''Through Japan,'' ''India of Today,'' and ''The Romantic East.''

In a personal letter received recently Mr. Del Mar states that his favorite of all favorites is the ''Gulistan,'' by Sheikle Sac di of Shiraz.

Beulah Marie Dix—

A noted literary writer from Massachusetts. Aside from her magazine articles, she has written a number of plays and novels. Among the latter are ''Soldier Rigdale,'' ''A Little Captive Lad,'' ''The Fair Maid of Graystones,'' etc.

THE KINGS.

A man said unto his angel:
''My spirits are fallen thro',
And I cannot carry this battle;
O brother! What shall I do?

''The terrible Kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright,

Against me so from my cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his angel:
"Thou wavering, foolish soul,
Back to the ranks? What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the very, the only
The solemn event of things;
The weakest of souls defying
Is stronger than all these Kings.

"Tho' out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringletted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires,

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor cover the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall!"

From "A Roadside Harp," by Louise I. Guiney, by permission of the publishers, Houghton-Mifflin Company.

Dorothy Dix—

One of the cleverest of short story writers. To the thousands of readers of the New York Journal she has spoken many kind words in her friendly chats and cheered many a traveler along the highway of life. In private life Dorothy Dix is Mrs. George O. Gilmer.

"I believe that I care most for 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,' then Kipling's 'Rhyme of True Thomas,' then the 'Recessional,' then Burns' 'Letters to My Young Friend Davie,' then Henley's 'I am the Master of My Fate,' then Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King'—but the list is endless."

Rev. A. C. Dixon—

Pastor of "The Moody Church," Chicago. Author of many religious volumes, his best known being "Present Day Life and Religion," "Evangelism, Old and New," "The Christian Science Delusion," and "Heaven on Earth."

"The favorite poem of my youth was Gray's 'Elegy,' and I have no reason to change my mind. It still seems to me to be the geratest short poem ever written."

Eleanor C. Donnelly—

The foremost Catholic poetess of America. She has written many books and has contributed freely to various Catholic publications. Her brother was the late Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, who believed that Francis Bacon wrote many of Shakespeare's plays.

Miss Donnelly states that "The Dream of Gerontius," by Cardinal Newman, is one of her favorites.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—

The creator of "Sherlock Holmes," and perhaps the highest price paid novelist living. As a voluminous writer his prolific pen has produced no less than thirty books, all of which have enjoyed a ready sale and helped to establish a wide reputation for their author. Many of his stories have been dramatized. His recent publications, aside from his poems and pamphlets, include "The Hound of Baskerville," "Return of Sherlock Holmes," which netted him on an average of five dollars a word; "Sir Nigel," "Brigadier Gerard," etc. He was knighted for his services in the Boer War, where he acted as Senior Physician of the Langman Field Hospital.

"July 7, 1909.

"To Mr. Varney:

"In answer to your query, 'In Memoriam' is, in my opinion, the wisest, deepest and most perfect poem in our common language."

Edwin L. Edgerly—

An authority on all great books and a collector of rare prints.

Mr. Edgerly informs us that John Keats is his favorite among poets and of his works he would select "The Eve of St. Agnes," "The Ode to a Nightingale," and "The Ode to a Grecian Urn" as favorites.

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
  She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
  In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
  Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
  The bond which nature gives,
Thinking our sad remembrance, though unspoken,
  May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child we again behold her;
  For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
  She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
  Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
  Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
  And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
  That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
  We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
  The grief that must have way.

—H. W. Longfellow.

Her Majesty Elisabeth, Queen of Roumania—

The much beloved Queen of Roumania is one of the most noted literary women in the world, and has written many books under the nom de plume of Carmen Sylva. Her Majesty is deeply interested in the unfortunate blind and has founded a colony for them at Bucharest. Among her literary compositions are "Thoughts of a Queen," "Edleen Vaughan," "Shadows on Life's Dial," "A Real Queen's Fairy Book," and many poems, novelettes and dramas.

We are highly indebted to E. Ruth Varney for the following information extracted from a letter received by her from Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Roumania:

"Castle Pelesch, Roumania,
"Sept. 3, 1909.

"You ask me to name my favorite tree in a virgin forest, my favorite star in the firmament, my most beloved wave in the ocean—it is rather much, isn't it? . . . In poetry, I love the grand old Visconte of Lisle and Moritz von Strachwitz, who died at 26. Books? I who read a book a day, at least—I love 'Helen's Babies,' 'Baby Sylvester,' and all baby stories. In painting, I love the angels of Fra Beato Angelico da Fiesole. In sculpture, Michaelo Angelo's 'Moses.' In architecture, The Cathedral of Cologne. In history, none at all—yes, 'Joan of Arc,' by Mark Twain."

(By Special Permission.)

VICTORIA.

By Her Majesty Elisabeth, Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva).

Those ever-wakeful eyes are closed!
They saw such grief that they could see no more.

The heart that quickened pulse of nations could not bear
Another throb of pain, and could not hear
Another cry of tortured motherhood.
Those uncomplaining lips—they sob no more!
The soundless sobs of dark and burning tears
That none have seen—they smile no more,
Nor breathe a mother's comfort into aching hearts.
The patriarchial Queen—the monument of touching widowhood,
Of endless love and childlike purity—she sleeps.

This night is watchful. Now the restless hand—
That slave to duty, to Master mind, to wisdom
That fathomed history and saw beyond the times—
Lies still in marble whiteness.
Love so great, so faithful, unforgetting
And selfish, must it sleep?
Or will that veil—that widow's veil—
Unfold and spread into the dove-like wing
That long were wont to beat with anxious care
About her world-wide nest,
Now soar and sing as harp-chords sing
Whilst in their upward flight they breast the wing of destiny?

No night for her! No tomb nor ashes!
Light eternal, hymns of joy!
Silence now for her Who, ever still
Above misfortune's storms and thundering billows stood,
With clear and fearless brow so calm
That men drew strength from out those dauntless eyes

And quiet from that holy-beating heart;
Kept still by stern command and unbent will
Beneath those tight-shut lips.

Not ashes—but a beacon e'er will burn—
A fire-lit altar for the strong.
No, not ashes.
But the light that o'er the times will shed
A gentle ray and show us Heaven when all the world
Storm-shaken, rudderless, will say:
"If but her Century would shine again:
Oh, Lord! Why hast thou ta'en thy peaceful Queen!"

Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D.D.—

Bishop of Reformed Episcopal Church. He acted as chaplain in the Civil War and quite recently was made chaplain-in-chief of the G. A. R. He is recognized as an able reformer, and since 1891 has acted as the head of the board of managers of the Illinois State Reformatory.

"July 7, 1904.

"I take great pleasure in giving a quotation which I highly value, from Shakespeare, one so well known—the closing part of Act 3, Scene II, King Henry VIII.

'Let all the ends thou aims't at be thy country's,
Thy God's and Truth's.'"

Harrison Fisher—

Illustrator of many popular books and magazines. His collections of beautiful drawings, especially the heads of the fair ones, have made him famous as an artist of rare ability.

"In reply to your request as to my favorite poems, I would say Dante Gabriel Rosetti's 'Three Shadows' and 'Willow Wood' are my favorites."

Clyde Fitch (1865-1909)—

At the time of his death, Mr. Fitch was the foremost dramatist of the American world of letters. He was the author of fifty-five plays, and although it is quite impossible to present to the reader a complete roster of his work, perhaps no small amount of his enduring fame rested upon his "Beau Brummel," "Nathan Hale," "The Truth," "The Climbers," "Barbara Frietchie," "The Blue Mouse," "The Moth and the Flame," "Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines," and his last and deepest interpretation of the problems of life, "The City."

Julius Hopp in a weekly Review of Events in "The New York Review" wrote, among other things, shortly after the playwright's death: "Serious in thought, ruthless in his portraiture of the truth, a clean observer of the affairs of life, a sociologist, a moralist, a philosopher, a master of the art of the stage, a dramatist of gigantic strength, all this is given to us as an echo of the man who passed away, and as a gift to the heirs of the departed."

The following note was received from Mr. Fitch March 19, 1909:

"I could not choose a single poem as being my favorite, but I have my favorite poet, if that will be of any interest to you; he is Robert Browning."

Shortly before his death, the playwright declared to a friend that "The City" was the finest play he had ever written.

Elliott Flower—

Writer of short stories. His pen has introduced us to "Policeman Flynn," "Nurse Norah," "Slaves of Success," and other characters.

"I think I like Poe's 'Annabel Lee' as well as anything—possibly better."

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me!

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,

Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so all night-time, I lie by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

John Fox, Jr.—

One who has acquired a national reputation as a story-writer, a reader and a lecturer. On the platform he is known as the first public reader of the dialect of the Virginia and Kentucky mountaineers. Among his many widely read books are "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "Cumberland Vendetta," "The Kentuckians," "Crittenden," "Hell-for-Sartain," and other stories.

"Keats has always been my favorite poet. I suppose his youth and pathos of his life helped to draw me to him when I was twenty. His hold has never loosened. The 'Last Sonnet' and the 'Ode to Melancholy' are my favorites of his, along with 'St. Agnes,' 'The Nightingale,' and the 'Grecian Urn.' "

Alice French—

"Octave Thanet." As a writer of note, strength of thought and brilliancy of expression dominate her works. The "Man of the Hour," which has been successfully dramatized, is but one of her many stories.

Miss French writes thus concerning her favorites: "I have several favorites, but the poem which has helped me through the hardest parts of my life is Henley's 'Out of the Night that Covers Me,' sometimes called 'The Captain of My Soul.'"

Daniel Chester French—

America's best known sculptor. Among his masterpieces are "The Minute Man of Concord," "The Statue of the Republic," statues of "John Harvard," "Dr. Gallaudet" and "His First Deaf-Mute Pupil," "Alma Mater," and those of the "Four Continents" in front of the New York Custom House.

The noted sculptor is a reader of poetry, and when asked to name his favorites, he replied:

"I have so many favorites among the poets that it is difficult for me to choose between them. I think, however, that I am safe in naming the following:

"Emerson's 'Days.'

"Tennyson's 'King Arthur's Farewell to Guinevere,' in the poem, Guinevere.

" 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,' translation by Fitzgerald.

DAYS.

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishers,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.

To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning's wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Dr. Isaac Kaufmann Funk—

Student and philosopher. Member of the book firm of "Funk and Wagnalls" and founder of "The Voice," "The Literary Digest" and other publications. Widely known as the editor of the novel "Tarry Thou Till I Come."

"I am very fond of Shakespeare, especially 'Hamlet,' 'Richard III,' and the 'Merchant of Venice'; also Burns' 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' portions of Goethe's 'Faust,' and Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.'"

CHARACTER.

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—Hamlet, Act I, Scene 3.

Hon. Lyman J. Gage—

Ex-Secretary U. S. Treasury. Served as President of the Board of Directors of the World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.

"I will say that 'Brahma,' by Ralph Waldo Emerson, is my favorite. In this, I doubt that many will agree. To many, if not most, it is obscure—without clear significance—they will not open their minds to gather its meaning."

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think he slays,
  Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
  I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
  Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
  And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Hamlin Garland—

Among the select corps of writers whose work, judged rigorously, is bounden to live, this gifted one has earned a place. His pen strokes have painted the beautiful mountainous Westland and have intermingled the romance of Nature's richness with that of the human heart. His better known titles are "The Trail of the Gold Seekers," "Her Mountain Lover," "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," "The Long Trail," "The Tyranny of the Dark," and "The Moccasin Ranch."

In speaking of his choice of poetry, Mr. Garland says:

"Sidney Lanier's 'Marshes of Glynn,' Whitman's poem on Lincoln and Poe's 'City in the Sea' are favorites of mine. I like 'Snow-Bound'; also Bryant's 'Prairies' and Joaquin Miller's 'Song of the Sun-down Seas' have meant much to me. Among English poems, I might name 'Locksley Hall,' 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' and 'Home Wounded'—but bits of 'Macbeth,' 'Hamlet' and 'Julius Cæsar' come into my mind as poems more often than any other verse."

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone,
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently,
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free:
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,
Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls,
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreath'd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet and the vine.

* * * * * * * * *

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!

The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

Theodosia Garrison—

One of the most popular of American poets. Many of her poems have appeared in various newspapers and magazines from time to time. She has issued a collection of her poems under the title "The Top O' Life and Other Poems." Her "Death of Heloise" is printed as one of the favorites of Myrtle Reed in this volume.

"Concerning my favorite poems," writes Mrs. Garrison, "it is hard to choose roses when each is perfect—but I name some that to remember is to be happy:

"Rosetti's 'Blessed Damozel.'

"Ernest Dawson's 'Cynarae.'

"Henry Newbold's 'Drohe's Dream.'

"A. E. Housman's 'Is My Team Ploughing?'"

Eleanor Gates (Mrs. Richard Walton Tully)—

This talented woman is one of the few daughters of the Pacific Slope whose brilliant writings are giving the Golden State a proud claim in other fields besides those of feathers, fairies, fruits and flowers.

My favorite poet is Tennyson, and of his works I like best 'The Idyls of the King' and 'Locksley Hall.' Of his very short poems, my favorite is 'Crossing the Bar.'"

Mrs. Ellen M. Huntington Gates—

One of the most learned writers of poetry and hymns of the present day. Among her most notable poems are, "Lincoln Has Fallen," "The Body to the Soul," "The Children's Country," "Eternity" and "Sleep Sweet."

Mrs. Gates writes:

"As to my favorite poems, there are so many poems which appeal to me that I can scarcely tell which I like the very best."

The familiar lines of "Sleep Sweet" are reprinted by Mrs. Gates' permission. They appear in her collection of poems, "Treasures of Kurium," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

SLEEP SWEET.

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy quiet heart.

Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself and all the world;
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching over head,
Sleep sweet, good night! good night!

From a literary point of view, "The Dark" and "To the Unborn Peoples" are considered by Mrs. Gates to be the best poems she has ever written.

"THE DARK."

(Copyright, 1904, by Ellen M. H. Gates. Reprinted by her kind permission.)

I am the Dark, the ancient one,
Before the days and years begun,
I hovered formless, silent, cold,
And filled the void. No page unrolled,
Make mention of my timeless reign;
No rock on mountain-top or plain,
By scar or symbol, now can tell,
The secrets that I know so well.
I am the Dark, the first to be;
My own beginning baffles me.
I seemed a thing apart, forgot,
Which was—because the Light was not.
I dwelt with Chaos; place I kept
As atom unto atom crept,
Till Order stood, with sinews set,
And law with law like brothers met.

I am the Dark, for still I stay,
With half my kingdom wrenched away.
There came an hour when all the black,
A filmy screen, was folded back.
Above me, through me, everywhere,
Were scarlet streaks and golden glare;
And mighty winds began to blow
The trailing mist-wreathes to and fro.

I am the Dark. The eye that sees
The midnight moons and Pleiades,
Must wait for me. I claim the sky
To show the splendors swinging high

In space so deep, and wide, and black,
That thought itself comes trembling back.
The Sun may show the sea and sod,
But I—the far-off fields of God!

I am the Dark. My paths I keep;
No hour too soon the light may creep
Above the hills, no moment late
The Sun may reach the western gate.
The shadows are my own; their wings
They spread above all breathing things,
Till joy and pain, and more and less,
Are one in Sleep's unconsciousness.

I am the Dark. The under-world,
With soundless rivers onward whirled,
Is mine alone; and mine the lakes,
O'er which the morning never breaks.
I dwell in caverns, vast, unknown,
Whose walls are wrought from primal stone;
There Silence, Death, and I, can wait—
Creation's grim triumvirate!

I am the Dark, and forth and back,
As God's own servant, robed in black,
I go and come. His dead I keep
Within my chamber while they sleep.
Who knows my doom? Perhaps, at last,
I may be ended, outward cast
From all that is, my deepest night
Invaded by resistless light!

John F. Genung, Ph. D.—

Professor of Rhetoric, Amherst College.

"Among poets, the ones who have contributed most, perhaps, to my life of thought and meditation have been Tennyson and Browning. Of these poets, I could name many poems; I will content myself with naming, of Tennyson, 'In Memoriam' and the 'Holy Grail'; of Browning, 'Saul,' 'Abt Vogler,' 'Cleon,' and 'A Death in the Desert.'"

Dr. William A. Gordon—(1846-1909)

Noted alienist and philosopher. For the last fourteen years of his life he was at the head of the Wisconsin Northern Hospital for Insane, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the Northwest. He served his country during the Civil War with Company K, First Brigade, Maryland Cavalry.

Shortly before his death, Mr. Gordon stated in a letter to the editor that Tennyson's "In Memoriam" was his favorite poem. When asked to quote one of his favorite quotations, he replied:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

—Tempest.

Rev. Charles Frederic Goss, D.D.—

Pastor of Avondale Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio. He has written many articles dealing with ecclesiastical and other subjects. "The Redemption of David Corson," "The Philopolist" and "The Loom of Life" are from his pen.

"It is impossible for me to say that I like any one or several poems better than all others; but I will mention a few—there are none nobler: 'The 121st

Psalm,''To a Daisy,' by Burns; 'The Forest Hymn,' by Bryant, and 'Crossing the Bar,' by Tennyson.''

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

[On turning one down with the plow, in April, 1786.]

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe to greet
The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield;
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou beneath the random bield,
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed.
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred;
Unskilled he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink.
Till wrenched of every stay but heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's plowshare drives, elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

Hon. Robert Grant—

Author of "The Carletons," "Face to Face," "Unleavened Bread," "The Undercurrent," "The Orchid," etc.

"On the whole, I should say that Milton's 'Lycidas' and Keats' 'St. Agnes' Eve' are my favorite poems."

Hon. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr.—

Son of the late General and President, Ulysses S. Grant.

"Perhaps my favorite poems are 'Thanatopsis,' 'O! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud,' and Gray's 'Elegy.'"

Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, D.D.—

Bishop of the Diocese of New York, and successor to the late Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter.

"My favorite poem is 'The Ring and the Book,' by Robert Browning."

(Note by Editor—"The Ring and the Book" is the longest poem in existence.)

Jules Guerin—

Noted American artist. He has won many prizes in various contests, including exhibitions at the Paris Exposition, 1900, and the St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

"In reply to your letter of June 16, I would mention 'The Raven,' by Edgar Allan Poe."

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus—

Succeeded the late Prof. Swing as pastor of the Central Church, Chicago. By most people he is considered the greatest preacher of the hour. Besides being president of "Armour Institute of Technology," he is the Professorial lecturer at Chicago University.

The eloquent preacher names John Milton's "Time," Shelley's "Skylark," and Browning's "Death in the Desert," as his favorites from the realm of poetic verse.

Arthur T. Hadley, A. M.—

President of Yale University since June, 1899. Pre-eminent as an educational administrator. He is often called upon to express his opinions on complex questions, he being considered one of the most distinguished of American economists.

"There is one time when I like the Inferno; there is another time when I care more for the Purgatorio. There is one set of conditions where I prefer Browning to Kipling and another where I decidedly prefer Kipling to Browning."

Mrs. Florence Howe Hall—

Author and lecturer. Daughter of the noted philanthropist, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe and his famous wife, Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Mrs. Hall is, perhaps, the most distinguished woman, socially, on the lecture platform in America today. Reared in classic Boston when it was first regarded as the literary center of the nation, Mrs. Hall, at an early age, became personally acquainted with many of the gifted men and women who so ably laid the cornerstone—so to speak—of American literature. In fact, one of her platform subjects is entitled "Personal Reminiscences of Distinguished People." Her books are able instructors and teach and emphasize that which is so sadly neglected, and in some cases never heard of, in the American home of today—the cardinal points of good manners.

Mrs. Hall voices her choice of poems when she says: "I am fond of poems that stimulate us to noble endeavor, or that express inspiration. These appeal to me more than mere lyrics. Whittier's 'Hero' (written about my Father, the late Doctor Samuel Gridley Howe), Lowell's 'Crisis,' Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' and, of course, my mother's 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' are among my favorites. I would include, also, were I naming poems of which I am fond, Byron's 'Isle of Greece,' and many of the Psalms of David. I must not forget the lovely little song in Browning's 'Pippa Passes,' the one so often quoted, beginning—'The year's at the spring,' and ending 'God's in His heaven—All's right with the world.' "

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D.—

President of Clark University since 1888. As an educator he ranks as one of the greatest psychologists of the day. His volumes treating on the training of the youth are read and weighed by the ablest of educators the world over.

In answer to the editor's earnest solicitation, the noted scholar sends this reply:

"As we psychologists are investigating at present the nature of music, nothing more apposite occurs to me at the present time than this:

I'm never merry, when I hear sweet music.—
The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood:
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did fein that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.

M. V. v. 1.

The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

M. V. v. 1.—Shakespeare.

Henry Harland (1861-1905)—

Author of a number of popular fiction books, including "The Royal End" and "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box."

The following lines from the widow of the late writer informs us best which were his particular favorites in the poetical bibliotheke:

"June 2, 1909.

"Browning, Shakespeare and Wordsworth were the poets he read and re-read and whose lines he knew by heart.

"Wordsworth's 'Ode to Immortality,' and Browning's 'Bishop Blougram's Apology' were probably the two poems which said to him most exactly what he longed for and hoped for all his life.

"Signed—Alma Harland."

Victor Harris—

A composer of many songs and one of the leading singing masters in American musical circles.

"I am a great lover of verse in all languages and from all sources; but I find it rather difficult to choose any particular favorite. If there be any of such, they would be chosen from the following:

"Heine's Lyrics, Christina Rosetti's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' Shelley's 'Music, When Soft Voices Die,' Fitzgerald's 'Omar Khayyam,' John Davidson's 'Ballad of a Nun,' Verlaine's Poems, Stevenson's 'Child's Garden of Verses,' Lyrics from Shakespeare's Plays and Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner.'"

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Childe Hassam—

One of the foremost painters of the day. His canvases are found in many of the permanent collections in leading art galleries of America. He has won many prizes for his work, both at home and abroad.

"It is easy, of course, to begin and say Shakespeare —'The Tempest,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and the Sonnets—then Keats' beautiful 'On Looking Into, etc.,' Blanco White's Sonnet, 'Night and Death,' and Poe's 'To Helen.' "

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S "HOMER."

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Julian Hawthorne—

Son of the novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Author of "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," "Golden Fleece," "Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds," "Millicent and Rosalind," etc.

"There are times, for example, when I recall the solemn dignity of Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar'; or I am drawn to the pathos of Robert L. Stevenson's 'Under the Wide and Windy Sky,' or the classic severity of Landor's 'I Strove with None, for None was Worth My Strife.' In a different temper, I want to reveal Keats' 'Ode to the Nightingale,' or Shelley's 'Skylark' and a score of his other marvellous songs. Or, again, I need the mighty march of Homer, or the exquisite masculine grace of Milton's earlier harmonies, or the catholic wisdom of Horace, or the precious fragments of Sappho's passion. Sometimes I enjoy the poignant finish and gentle wit of Praed, or the defiant beauty and eloquence of Byron."

Robert Herrick—

Noted educator and author. Aside from his number of English rhetoric books, he has written "The Man Who Wins," "The Web of Life," "The Common Lot," "The Real World," "The Gospel of Freedom," etc.

Professor Herrick confesses that Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale" is his particular favorite.

(Shelley, Byron and Leigh Hunt declared this to be one of the most exquisite odes ever written. Soon after

its lines were penned, its author contracted a disease which led to his early death.)

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thy happiness—
    That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, the shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Oh, for a draught of vintage that hath been
  Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth:
Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stained mouth;
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! Away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild:
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves:
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rime,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I heard this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faerie lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do! deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music—do I wake or sleep?

Col. Thos. Wentworth Higginson—

Veteran author and publicist. Served in the front ranks of the Civil War and became known throughout the army as the "Fighting Parson." It is interesting to note that he was a close friend of Emerson, Whittier, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Story, a neighbor of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and a pupil of the poet Longfellow while at Harvard. He has written many volumes, and aside from numerous poems, essays and literary

biographies, his prolific pen has presented the American youth with a number of excellent histories.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The Youth replies, 'I can.' "
—Emerson's "Voluntaries."

Verse selected as most valuable in all literature by the undersigned.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Cambridge, Mass., March 4, 1909.

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch—

Distinguished Chicago rabbi, orator and educator. He is one of the most highly educated Jews of the hour, and besides being rabbi of Sinai Temple, he is professor of rabbinical literature and philosophy, Chicago University.

" 'Locksley Hall,' by Tennyson, is my favorite poem in the English language. Heine's 'Buch der Lieder,' and Goethe's 'Ruhe' are those I am fondest of in German. I also delight in Beranger's smaller verses."

"THE TWO GRENADIERS."

Straggling to France went two grenadiers,
Who were taken captive in Russia;
Hanging their heads to hide their tears
They crossed the frontier of Prussia.

'Twas then their spirits were saddened most
When they learned how France had been shaken
Defeated and scattered the valiant host,
And the Emperor, the Emperor taken.

Full bitterly wept the two grenadiers
When they heard the woful story,
And one of them said: "How salt are my tears—
How burning my wound and gory."

The other muttered: " 'Tis the end of the dance;
I am sick of life and aweary:
But I have a wife and child in France,
Without me their lot will be dreary."

"What care I for children, what for a wife!
A heavier care has arisen.
Let them beg for bread to keep up life—
The Emperor, the Emperor in prison!

"Oh, grant me, brother, but one demand,
When life's last hours I number;
Take with you my corse to our native land,
In French soil let me slumber;

"My Cross of Honor and crimson band
Place next to my heart for a neighbor,
And put my carbine in my hand,
Then buckle on my sabre!

"Thus shall I lie still to watch and peer
As a sentinel stands o'er the forces,
Until the roaring of cannon I hear
And the hoof-beat of neighing horses—

"Then will my Emperor ride over my grave
While sabres glitter and rattle,
Then armed to the teeth shall I rise from my grave
For the Emperor, the Emperor to battle!"

Mrs. Grace Whitney Hoff—

America feels justly proud to honor Mrs. Hoff as one of its greatest women. Her philanthropies are far-reaching. In Detroit she built the Y. W. C. A. building, worked hard for the extension of the association in America and has been president of the International Y. W. C. A. In Paris, France, where she now resides, is found the "Student Hostel," where hundreds of struggling art students are ever under the protection of her watchful eyes and care.

In regard to her choice in poetry, Mrs. Hoff writes: "My favorite among poems I prefer Lowell's and Tennyson's poems to all others."

JUNE.

From "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might;
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valley;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

E. Burton Holmes —

The noted lecturer and traveler, author of "The Burton Holmes Lectures," 10 vols.

Mr. Holmes confesses that "The Travel Interest" is the element of appeal in any composition to him. Kipling's "Mandalay" means much to him, for he states: " 'Mandalay' is to me more than many a great poem, because it 'puts you there'—far off—away."

GOD IS LOVE.

Druid, Hindu, Jew, and Christian, each conceives a God of blood.
Human sacrifice by Druids, human gore by Ganges' flood,
Bullock's blood on Jewish altar, human blood upon the cross!
Crude conception of Jehovah!—Is it gold or is it dross?

He who places stars in orbits, moves all things throughout all space,
Does He ask a bloody tribute from the puny human race?
Does it magnify Jehovah when we sing of pardon won
Through this sacrifice, this bloodshed, through the murder of God's son?

Let us relegate this idea to the era of the savage;
To the age of demon worship; to the time of war and ravage.
Crucify the sins, and follies; let the songs of bloodshed cease.
Picture God as mild and gentle. Then may come the reign of peace.

—By Marcus P. Wheeler.

Emerson Hough—

A writer of wide repute. His book list includes "The Story of a Cowboy," "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Law of the Land," "The Way of a Man," "54-40 or Fight," etc.

"I would say that I believe Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King' made a deeper impression on me than any poetry I ever read. This may be due to the circumstances of youth and romantic tendencies at the time when I made my first reading of these poems."

William Dean Howells—

Veteran novelist, essayist and dean of the American school of letters. Since his return from abroad in 1865 he has devoted his time to writing stories or contributing choice editorials to the best American periodicals. His books are too widely known and prized to require comment here.

"I greatly like 'Evangeline,' the 'Eve of St. Agnes' and all of Keats' Sonnets and most of Shelley's and Wordsworth's; and Tennyson's poems, generally."

DEATH THE LEVELER.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings:

Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow.
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds;
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

Chas. H. Hoyt (1860-1900)—

This noted playwright and theatrical manager was a most unique figure in the American drama. Funmaking was his life work, and when death came it found him at the zenith of his success. His first play was, "Gifford's Luck," followed by "A Bunch of Keys," "A Texas Steer," "A Trip to Chinatown," "A Black Sheep," "A Milk White Flag," and other successful farces and satiric comedies.

When death claimed his beloved wife, the beautiful Caroline Miskel, the heroine of his "A Contented Woman," poor Charlie Hoyt, as we reverently recall him, witnessed a tragedy which was destined to cast him into obscurity and deprive the stage of one of its foremost contributors and loyal supporters.

In the hour of his deepest affliction he bade farewell to his vast audience of admirers. Like a Shakespearean Romeo, Sorrow was to be his sole companion. His philosophy of good cheer and his power to laugh deserted him. One by one the dazzling orbs which added beauty and color to the great world's proscenium were snuffed; one by one the windows of his mental faculties were darkened by the folds of the curtain of grief; one by one the heart strings snapped and the soul of the victim cried unto the Divine for mercy. The Spirit of Comedy endeavored to enter the brain, but it found the entrance strongly barred; the panorama of gayety presented its charms but without effect—the unfortunate saw naught but the vision of his lost idol and heard naught but the mournful dirge of sorrow.

After two years of intense suffering in chaos and darkness, Death came and wrapped its cloak of sympathy about him and soothed the tormented brain with the balm of sleep—a sleep that knows no broken dreams. He lies slumbering in the little village cemetery at Charlestown, N. H., where kind friends have made him a bed and where rests all that is mortal of the one who proved to be his very life, his light and fount of terrestrial happiness—his wife.

NIGHT.

[From "Childe-Harold."]

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,

The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not a man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,—
This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

—Lord Byron.

Elbert Hubbard ("Fra Elbertus")—
The Master Roycrofter.

Unless one has read the works of this great teacher, he has not met the most original thinker and writer of the age. Many competent critics regard him to be the most optimistic of all writers. In the sphere of brightest ideas, philosophies and high moral purposes, he has no rival. He has not confined himself to an author's den, but has gone out into the street and mingled with men and has learned their trials, their temptations, their misgivings, their sufferings, and has learned the greatest of arts—the art of how to sympathize with them and how to cheer them up. He preaches a gospel of good-cheer and loving kindness and exalts labor and fellow-man.

"Elbert Hubbard," says Frank Putnam, "is one of the three greatest writers in the world today. He uses as many words as Shakespeare. He has ease, facility, poise, reserve, sympathy, insight, wit, and. best of all—common sense." Robert Barr, in speaking of the Roycrofter, remarks: "I am a writing man, and know the difficulties of the craft, and I say that Elbert Hubbard is the greatest writer—vocabulary and range of ideas considered—that the world has ever seen, ancient or modern."

If you would know the writer as his avowed friends and critics know him, read and study his "Philistines," or copies of "The Fra," or his "White Hyacinths," his "One Man's Opinion," his "Love, Life and Work," or his "Message to Garcia," or go, if you will, to East Aurora, N. Y., and there behold the man himself at work with his artists in that noted institution, "The Roycroft Shop," a place whose gates are ever wide

open to receive you and beyond whose portals beameth a broad smile and a glad hand to greet you.

And what are the favorites of Fra Elbertus, you ask? To be sure, the great artist is in sympathy with the editor's plans, and he does not hesitate in saying:

"The poems I like best are short, sharp and direct; say, 'The Idle Singer,' by William Morris; 'My Own Shall Come to Me,' by John Burroughs; 'Columbus,' by Joaquin Miller."

This is one of our greatest American poems:

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why say, 'sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave dashed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
  If we sight naught but the seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
He curled his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night,
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

Maud R. Ingersoll—

Daughter of the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

Miss Ingersoll states that her favorite of favorites is Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

By Robert G. Ingersoll.

Though Scotland boasts a thousand names
  Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
  Was loved and cradled here:
Here lived the gentle peasant-prince,
  The loving cotter-king,
Compared with whom the greatest lord
  Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
  A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
  One window greets the day:
And yet I stand within this room
  And hold all thrones in scorn;
For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
  Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel
  Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have touched
  The something deemed divine.

And here the world through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to Robert Burns.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll (1833-1899)—

The noted soldier, lawyer, orator and agnostic. He was, without question, one of the most eminent men of his time and as a writer of prose poetry and a public speaker he had no equal. Notwithstanding the fact that he was an atheist and lectured against the dogmas of the church, he was an advocate of justice, peace and good will.

The following information was contributed by the Colonel's daughter, Maud R. Ingersoll:

"After Shakespeare, father's favorite poems were Burns' 'Mary in Heaven,' 'The Daisy,' 'Shelley's 'The Skylark,' and Keats' 'Ode on a Grecian Urn.' Father's favorite American poems were Walt Whitman's 'A Wind Out of the Sea,' and 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed.'

"He thought that the greatest line in poetry was 'Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds,' from Shakespeare's 116th sonnet. I have heard him say many times that Shakespeare was his Bible and Burns his hymn book."

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past!
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last;

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprung wanton to be press'd,
The birds sung love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

The following is the eulogy which was pronounced by the late Robert G. Ingersoll at the funeral of his

brother, Ebon C. Ingersoll. It is one of the most eloquent tributes ever sounded in the hour of grief. Ebon Ingersoll died May 31, 1879.

INGERSOLL'S EULOGY.

Dear Friends: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower.

He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights, and left all superstition far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form,

and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak and with a willing hand gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For justice, all place a temple and all season summer."

He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did a loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now."

Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you, who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

Here are some of the finest lines in the English language. They express the ideas which entered the mind of Mr. Ingersoll as he stood near the tomb of the great Napoleon.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rests at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt, in the shadows of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster —driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the widows and orphans he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden

shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my wife by my side knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been this man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial personation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

Read, if you will, these words of consolation and compare them with those thoughts that haunted the brain of the noted atheist as he stood under the gilt dome of the "Invalides" in Paris:

AT A CHILD'S GRAVE.

My Friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth, patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life, or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the

child dying in its mother's arms, before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears.

May be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain within our arms could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate. And I had rather live and love where death is king, than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is nought, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave, need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the

same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: Help for the living—Hope for the dead.

Mrs. Mary E. Ireland—

Mrs. Ireland's name is not new in the literary world. For a number of years her beautiful, wholesome stories have claimed many readers among the young, and her contributions to the juvenile shelf includes no less than forty volumes.

"'Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?' Of course there are many greater poems and by more noted writers, but it has always been my favorite, and I have always been glad to know that our lamented President Lincoln loved it."

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

By William Knox.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheeks, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep.
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink;

To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draft of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Sir Henry Irving—

Celebrated English actor. His repertoire included many and diverse characters. He was knighted in 1895.

FROM "JULIUS CAESAR."

In "Sermons From Shakespeare," L. J. Vaughan.

Had Shakespeare devoted an entire play to the development of the character of Brutus alone he could not have more strongly accentuated the falseness of the

man, the danger of a character nourished and upheld by false philosophy, than he has disclosed in the one soliloquy, where Brutus, speaking to his own soul, judges his dearest friend.

"It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question:

(It is not the fact, but the speculative question that he would judge.)

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that:—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoints
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambitions ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Caesar may; (so might any man; even the honourable Brutus)
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell."

In all the literature of the English tongue, I doubt that such another hellish bit of reasoning can be found. Were you to try your own mother by this method of reasoning you must make her an unnamable thing.—Father Vaughan.

HENRY IRVING.

Grandly yet gently he passed,
Into a happier state;
But his fair name will last,
Linked with the good and the great.

Ending the drama of life
Curtains of glory arise;
Ending the struggle and strife
Bright are the scenes of the skies.

Pictures of women and men,
Courtiers and King on a throne,
Made with a magical pen,
Lived in his image alone.

Classic and marvelous art,
Genius alone can possess,
Yet with the spirit and heart,
His was the mission to bless.

—David Banks Sickels.

Wallace Irwin—

If you are sick, or oppressed, or if you are discouraged and entertain the pessimist's view of life, we advise you to read the "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy," from the pen of this able writer.

Mr. Irwin names "Sordello," by Robt. Browning; "Ode to a Nightingale," by Keats; "Kubla Khan," by Coleridge, and the "Last Chantey," by Kipling, as his favorites.

General Thomas Jonathan Jackson (Stonewall Jackson) (1824-1863)—

The noted Confederate leader.

The following poem is one discovered in an old book of clippings. The lines were written by the noted Southerner while he was an artillery officer in Mexico during the Mexican War. "Stonewall Jackson" was a poet of no little ability, and although he was a hardy warrior, he was a man possessed with a deep religious feeling.

The poem:

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh! dearest one,
Whose love my early life hath blest—

Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh! guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne
Oh! teach her, ruler of the skies,
That, while by Thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest,
May happier visions bear upon
The brightening current of her breast;
No frowning look nor angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day—by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh! God! protect my wife and child!

Hon. Tudor Jenks—

Counsellor at law and a noted writer. His fame as a writer is national and would be secured through any one of the three fields he has excelled in—verses, fiction and children's stories.

The following extract is from a lengthy letter received from Mr. Jenks:

"If you must have pieces I am fond of, I may name:

"Shakespeare's Katherine's final speech in 'Taming of the Shrew.'

"Shakespeare's 'Daffodils that come before the swallow dares' from 'Winter's Tale.'

"Shakespeare's 'This royal throne of kings,' etc., from 'King Richard II.'

"Shakespeare's prologue to Act IV, 'Henry V.'

"Shakespeare's 'Hark, hark the lark,' from 'Cymbeline.'

"Browning's 'Pippa Passes,' especially the introduction.

"Milton's 'Paradise Lost' Tennyson's 'Idyl of the King,' Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' Longfellow's 'Robert of Sicily' and 'Building of the Ship,' Lowell's 'To the Dandelion' and 'The Courtin'.'"

A CREED.

(From the pen of Tudor Jenks.)

I believe and you believe—
That this world whereon we live, with its sunshine and its shadows, with its laughter and its tears,
Is afloat here in space on a voyage to—who know where? for a time none shall reckon by a tallying of years—

I believe and you believe—
That the starry around, on and on beyond our thought, to the faintest breath of light,
Are but promises that smile to prophesy the way to ever-widening glories in a never-ending flight—

I believe and you believe—
That the outcome must be good; that who works for what is best in faith or honest doubt,
Seeking ever what is true with what light may glimmer thro', by little and by little at length shall find it out—

I believe and you believe—
That we cannot yet be told the mysteries that lie about the soul's bewildering path,
That the power which controls is the power shown in love, in justice, mercy, tenderness, but never hate or wrath.

I believe and you believe—
In the comradeship of souls, in the bonds of eye and eye, in the touch of hand to hand,

That unloving creeds shall pass, though we mumble
them and pray that our faith may be increased
and our hearts shall understand.
So I believe and you believe;
O, Brother, must we still deceive?

Annie Fellows Johnston—

Writer of many delightful books for the young folks.

Mrs. Johnston expresses her preference in the following interesting lines:

"Probably the poem that has been the greatest inspiration to me is George Eliot's 'The Choir Invisible,' but there are a score of others I like as well for widely variant reasons. For the

'Music that gentlier on the Spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.'

"I turn oftenest to Tennyson—to detached verses, here and there, too numerous to name.

"For old associations' sake and because they are brim full of beloved country sights and sounds, I love parts of Gray's 'Elegy' and Whittier's 'Snowbound' and Bryant's 'Death of the Flowers.'

"It would be showing disloyalty to old friends to overlook those times when 'my heart with pleasure thrills, and dances with the daffodils' and all the other beautiful things of Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley and Burns and Longfellow.

"But the choice is all a matter of moods, and its answer depends on when and where I chance to be cornered by your question. Such inconstancy used to worry me, but now I realize that it is as natural as that

Spring should flaunt its May flowers and Autumn its asters.

"So you see I can't go on record as the lover of any one poem all the year round—there is honey in too many flowers for a bee to be faithful to only one. To-day it may be Shakespeare—tomorrow one of Riley's songs."

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

(The original manuscript of this beautiful poem was for many years the nucleus of a large collection of manuscripts and rare letters owned by the Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, late United States Senator from Massachusetts.—Editor.)

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty
died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my
side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the forest cast
the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so
brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend
of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

(Reprinted from Bryant's complete Poetical Works by permission of D. Appleton & Co.)

Hon. Augustine Jones—

Noted educator and barrister of Massachusetts.

Below we print only the names of those poems which others have not mentioned from the list of ninety or more favorites kindly submitted by Mr. Jones:

"In School Days"—John G. Whittier.

"Abraham Davenport"—John G. Whittier.

"Our Master"—John G. Whittier.

"The Music Lesson of Confucius"—Chas. G. Leland.

"Burial of Moses"—C. F. Alexander.

"A Bard's Epitaph"—Robert Burns.

"Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson"—Robert Burns.

"The Memory of the Heart"—Daniel Webster.

"Bugle Song"—Alfred Tennyson.

"The Garden Song"—Alfred Tennyson.

"Christmas"—Alfred Tennyson.

"The Eagle"—Alfred Tennyson.
"Abraham Lincoln"—Tom Taylor, in Punch.
"To Geo. Peabody"—Oliver Wendell Holmes.
"Contentment"—Oliver Wendell Holmes.
"The Coral Grove"—Percival.
"The Terrace at Berne"—Matthew Arnold.
"Heine's Grave"—Matthew Arnold.
"Haworth Churchyard"—Matthew Arnold.
"Geist's Grave"—Matthew Arnold.
"Early Friendship"—Aubrey D. Vere.
"Charity"—Matthew Prior.
"What Constitutes a State"—Sir Wm. Jones.
"Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke"—Ben Johnson.
"Cradle Song"—Isaac Watts.
"Rock of Ages"—Anonymous.
"Universal Prayer"—Alexander Pope.
"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"—Martin Luther.
"Horatius at the Bridge"—Lord Macaulay.
"Sleep"—Eliz. Barrett Browning.
"Lady's Looking Glass"—Prior.
"Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee"—Bernard of Clairvaux; translated by E. Caswell.

Jean Andrien Antoine J. Jusserand—
Ambassador of France to the United States.

In a letter dated May 21, 1909, Monsieur Jusserand states among other things:

"I love all poems in which there is poetry. If you insist on holding me to your question and giving you one or two titles of poems I may be particularly fond of, I would mention 'La Chanson de Roland' and 'Piers Plowman.'"

Helen A. Keller—

"Mark Twain" is quoted as having said that the two most interesting characters of modern times were Napoleon and Helen Keller. Blind, deaf and dumb since her infant years, Miss Keller has acquired world-wide celebrity by her marvelous educational achievements. Today, a graduate of Radcliffe College, she labors in the field of active usefulness for the uplifting of her unfortunate brethren, and with her gifted sense of feeling she gropes her way through broader spheres, preaching a message of faith, love and hope, while in the secluded chambers of her deep misfortune dwells the soul of her contentment and appreciation, giving forth the breath of purity, honor, courage and sweetness to all humanity.

The following note from Miss Keller's secretary proves that this beautiful character enjoys the poetical utterances of the bards:

"May 18, 1909.

"Miss Keller asks me to say that she is very fond of 'Night,' by Blanco White, and Keats' 'Ode to Autumn.' (Signed) John Macy."

The sonnet to "Night" is sometimes known as "Night and Death."

NIGHT AND DEATH.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

Coleridge is credited with having said that "Night and Death" he considered to be "the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language."

James B. Kenyon—

One of the ablest of modern poets. His beautiful songs are the melodious strains heard and appreciated by the educated ear, which discovers music in whispering leaves, sighing winds and dancing ripples. To read his offerings to the muse is to enjoy and develop a greater love for those ordinary things which transform themselves into majesty and power in the winged realm of poetic grandeur.

The following list of poems are Mr. Kenyon's favorites:

Tennyson's "The Brook," "The Miller's Daughter," "Maud."

Browning's "Evelyn Hope."

Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gypsy."

Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Eve of St. Agnes."

Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," "Tintern Abbey."

Shelley's "Adonais," "The Skylark"; Gray's "Elegy."

Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"; Whittier's "Snow-Bound."

Longfellow's "Robert of Sicily"; Emerson's "Humble Bee"; Aldrich's "Baby Bell."

Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed."

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D.

(From Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 44, Edgar S. Werner & Co., New York.)

1

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

2

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,

With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life (for well dear brother I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die.)

(The first 25 lines of the poem.)

Basil King—

The versatile writer, whose "Let No Man Put Asunder" has made its author famous for his attempt to settle the divorce question. His "Eleventh Hour," "Griselda," and "The Romance of Citizen Rouzet," are among his shorter writings.

"I think my favorite poems are Keats' 'Ode to a Grecian Urn,' Shelley's 'Skylark,' and Tennyson's 'Sir Galahad.'"

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;

Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear—
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know—
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Gen. Charles King—

Noted soldier and writer of many military novels. His military career dates back to 1866, when he graduated from West Point. In 1898 he was appointed brigadier-general, U. S. V., for war against Spain; later he was one of the officers who served with General Lawton in the Philippines. He has been the inspector of the Wisconsin national guard for a number of years and has been the instructor in various military academies from time to time. He is considered an authority on military tactics and his advice is often sought by officers of the ranks. He has written over fifty successful novels and stirring romances.

The General states that his favorite of all poems is Owen Meredith's "Lucile," and that his favorite verse from it, the one which he seems never to forget, is that one found in Canto VI—XV:

The dial
Receives many shades, and each points to the sun,
The shadows are many, the sunlight is one.
Life's sorrows still fluctuate: God's love does not.
And His love is unchanged, when it changes our lot.
Looking up to this light, which is common to all,
And down to these shadows, on each side, that fall
In time's silent circle, so various for each,
Is it nothing to know that they never can reach
So far, but what light lies beyond them forever?

Florence Morse Kingsley—

Author of many beautiful stories. Among her older writings are "Titus," "Stephen," "Paul," "Prisoners of the Sea" and "The Cross Triumphant."

"You may put me down as a lover of 'The Waterfowl,' by William Cullen Bryant."

Abbott Kinney—

Author and the founder of two cities of Ocean Park and "The Venice of America." He was special commissioner of the Mission Indians with Helen Hunt Jackson. He is the publisher and proprietor of the Los Angeles Saturday Post. His most notable works are, "Conquest of Death," "Eucalyptus," "Forest and Water," "Tasks by Twilight," and many pamphlets.

"Bryant's one masterpiece, 'Thanatopsis,' is a splendid suggestion for the most pleasing of our mind roads, while the verses of Omar, the Tentmaker, takes us

over the road of dark vistas in a way that no one has equalled. Shakespeare covers all roads.''

Ellen Olney Kirk (Mrs. John Foster Kirk)—

Author of many fiction books. ''Good-Bye, Proud World,'' ''Dorothy Dean,'' ''Our Lady Vanity'' and ''Marcia'' are a few of her successful stories.

Mrs. Kirk loves Milton's ''Lycidas,'' ''The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,'' and Browning's ''Rabbi Ben Ezra.''

(A FRAGMENT FROM LYCIDAS.)

Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

Samuel Ellsworth Kiser—

The amiable and gifted poet. His "Ballads of Busy Days," "Sonnets of an Office Boy," "Thrills of a Bell Boy," and other well known verses, have provoked our sense of humor and oftentimes, because we are human and know how to sympathize as well as criticize, we have been moved to appreciate the trials and tribulations of those youthful breadwinners—the office boys, the call boys and the "bell hops"—public messengers who hasten the world's errands and make life the easier for their superiors.

"I think Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' is my favorite poem. If it isn't, I cannot name a favorite. There are a score of poems that make special appeals to me. Any one of these might be my favorite one day and some other one of them might succeed it in my estimation on the following day. It would depend upon my own mood. Among these poems are 'Crossing the Bar,' 'Carcassone,' 'Lead, Kindly Light,' 'Evelyn Hope,' and 'Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er.'"

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER.

[From "The Lady of the Lake."]

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
  Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
  Mustering clan, or squadron tramping,
Yet the lark's shrill life may come
  At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
  Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
  While our slumberous spells assail ye,
Dream not, while the rising sun,
  Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep! the deer is in his den,
  Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
  How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For, at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveille.

—Sir Walter Scott.

Charles Klein—

One of the leading dramatists of the day. Quite recently a master critic in speaking of Mr. Klein's work stated, "If the ethical influence of the drama is what it is presumed to be, this will be a white world before Mr. Charles Klein is through with it."

His plays have criticized our ways, our methods, and have bitterly assailed the curses of fleeting time. The money evil, the labor and capital war, inheritance laws and criminal questions have all received his attention and been melted in his scales of justice. In speaking of his works, the noted writer has this to say: "I found my plays on pain because all men understand pain, and I endeavor to show in the working out of a drama sane and natural methods of alleviation." Among his many productions, the public applauds him as the author of, "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree," "The Music Master," "The Next of Kin" and "The Daughter of Men."

"June 23, 1909.

"My favorite poem is Gray's 'Elegy.'"

ELEGY.

(Written in a Country Churchyard.)

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelled by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tales relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne;—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Elinor Macartney Lane (Mrs. Francis R. Lane; died March 15, 1909)—

Mrs. Lane was one of the most gifted as well as most promising writers of late years. Whenever she wrote she endeavored to express a thought which would be readily grasped by the reader. She succeeded because her hypnotic pen could trace real word pictures of life. To know her as a realist, one should read her "Katrine," "Mills of God" and "Nancy Stair."

Shortly after her death, her husband picked up the editor's letter and answered it as follows:

"She (Mrs. Lane) was passionately fond of great poetry. Her mind was filled with it. With marvelous verbal memory she retained, apparently without effort, everything whose beauty touched her.

"Tennyson and Burns stirred her deeply, their lines were oftenest on her lips. Lord Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' was a poem she loved."

Publius V. Lawson—

One who has written much on archaeological and historical subjects. Author of "Prince or Creole, Mystery of Louis XVII," and the "Bravest of the Brave"—Life of Charles de Langlade.

"I love the simple ballads which portray the emotions of the heart, the 'Old Oaken Bucket' and 'Woodman, Spare that Tree' kind; or those of martial daring, as 'Sheridan's Ride' and the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' kind."

Thomas W. Lawson—

Noted American banker and broker.

Mr. Lawson's secretary informs us that one of Mr. Lawson's favorite poetical works is Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

Hon. Wm. G. Le Duc—

Promoter of several railways. Perhaps his fame rests on the fact that he it was who introduced from foreign countries olives, tea, Japanese persimmons and various other plants now acclimated in the United States.

"I name as the favorite of my youth 'Urania,' or the rhymed lesson of Oliver Wendell Holmes, especially that part commencing with—
'Between two breaths, what crowded mysteries lie,'
and ending—
'But tears still follow as they breathe along,'
and in later life the 'Chambered Nautilus,' by same author, whose inspired verses have always appeared to me the supremest utterances of wit and wisdom, in verse and adapted to the comprehension, enjoyment and

instruction of his countrymen for whom they were written.

"Poe's 'Raven,' 'Annabel Lee,' and other wonderfully fine poems have had my enthusiastic admiration, but you ask for my favorite poems, and they are the productions of the inspired Oliver Wendell Holmes."

Henry Brockholst Ledyard—

Ex-president of the Michigan Central railroad. After graduating from West Point he served as a lieutenant in the 4th U. S. artillery, but after five years of service he severed his connection with the army to join the engineering forces of the Northern Pacific railroad. Since then he has been connected more or less with the leading transportation companies in the United States.

Mr. Ledyard writes these very interesting lines:

"Since my boyhood I have been a great lover of poetry, and have picked up many gems. My most favorite poem is one which was written by, if I remember correctly, a professor of German at the University of Kansas. I found it in some newspaper and have forgotten the title. It has, so far as I know, never been printed in any book. I will give you, as nearly as I can remember, the lines:

'A star mist and a planet, a crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian, and a cave where cavemen dwell,
Then a glimpse of law and order, a face turned from the clod,
Some call it evolution, and others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon, a tender, infinite sky,
The rich, ripe hue of the corn land, and the wild geese swirling high,
And all over the uplands and lowlands the smile of the goldenrod,
And some call it Autumn, and others call it God.

Like a tide on a crescent shore beach, when the moon is high and thin,
Into our hearts great longings come surging and rushing in;
They come from that infinite ocean, whose shore no man has trod,
Some call it inspiration, and others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty, a mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock; Jesus dead on the rood,
And thousands of humble and nameless the same hard pathway have trod,
Some call it consecration, and others call it God.'

"My next two favorites are probably well known to you. One is 'The Recessional,' by Kipling, and the last is 'The Golden Age,' by Madam Fennelosa, the widow of the late Professsor of English at the University of Tokio, Japan. I am also very fond of Kipling's 'Hymn Before Battle.'"

Guy Carleton Lee—

A prominent educator, an author of rare ability and an able platform speaker. He is an active member in a number of learned societies and is on the staff of several of the leading literary journals. His more lengthy articles of interest are those of a historical nature. As an editor he has issued a number of massive works, including "The History of North America" (20 vols.), "The History of Woman" (10 vols.) and "The World's Orators" (10 vols.).

Mr. Lee makes a selection of favorites and states his reason for doing so:

"The poem, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' has never failed to cheer me in moments of depression, to teach me to look upward and to strengthen me spiritually. 'Invictus,' on the other hand, appeals to the material side of my nature. 'Invictus,' is the call to battle; it is the incentive to triumph over difficulties, to conquer odds. Through 'Invictus' I go forth to war. By 'Lead, Kindly Light' my soul is cheered in defeat and I am prepared to accept my lot that eventually I shall walk the path that few of the great dead have trod.

" 'My Star,' by Browning, has played an exceedingly helpful part in my life. It has been the inspiration to see things with mine own eyes—to look into the heart of things and to cherish my thoughts of the inner life because they were mine; because they were revealed to me.

"Then, to sum up, I may say, for retrospection, 'My Star'; for contemplation, 'Lead, Kindly Light'; for action, 'Invictus.' "

INVICTUS.

Out of the night that covers me,
  Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
  For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
  I have not winced or cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
  My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet, the menace of the years
  Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
  I am the captain of my soul.

—William Ernest Henley.

Margaret Lee—

Author of many engrossing tales of love and intrigue that have attracted considerable attention in England as well as in America. "The D'Estimanvilles," as well as "Dr. Wilmer's Love," "The Master Chivalry" and "Lovers and Shekels," are from her pen.

"Ever since I could read I have daily devoured what I believe to be poetry. Everything poetical appeals to me. Under the loving guidance of my great-grandmother I began with the poetry of the Bible. Then I read Shakespeare, at first for the plots and

incidents of dramatic force, and ever since for his poetry."

Other interesting bits furnished by Miss Lee disclose the fact that among her favorites are: "The Ancient Mariner," "The Lady of the Lake," "The Deserted Village," "Psalms of David," and "Isaiah."

Robert E. Lee—

Son of the late Gen. Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces and one of the most skilful tacticians who took part in the civil strife.

"I will say that my favorite poem, ballads or verses are Gray's 'Elegy,' Scott's poems and Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome.'"

When questioned regarding his father's poetical taste, Mr. Lee says:

"My father read, not, as a rule, for amusement, the general literature of the day. After 1865, he read very little; he hardly had the time. What his favorite poems, I cannot tell."

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED.

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,

The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Loves first leave the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
Oh Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier.

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Rev. Charles W. Leffingwell, D.D.—

Founder of St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Ill., also the founder of St. Alban's School, an institution for boys.

"Aside from religious and devotional poetry, the Psalms, the great Hymns of the Church, the Book of Job, the Gospel of Canticles, I should vote for Shelley's 'Skylark.'"

Alfred Henry Lewis—

Editor of "The Verdict." Author of many popular books, including "Wolfville," "Wolfville Days," "Wolfville Nights," "Peggy O'Neil," "The Sunset Trail," etc. Some know him by his pseudonym, "Dan Quinn."

"Among my favorite poems are Charles Churchill's (1731-1764) 'Night' and John G. Whittier's 'Last Walk in Autumn.'"

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

I.

O'er the bare woods, whose outstretched hands
  Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,
  The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn atone.

II.

Along the river's summer walk,
  The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
  The hoar plume of the goldenrod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild-rose!

III.

With mingled sound of horns and bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,
Like a great arrow through the sky,
Two dusky lines converged in one,
Chasing the southward-flying sun;
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

IV.

I passed this way a year ago:
The wind blew south; the noon of day
Was warm as June's; and save that snow
Flecked the low mountains far away,
And that the vernal-seeming breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,
I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at play.

V.

Since then, the winter blasts have piled
The white pagodas of the snow
On these rough slopes, and, strong and wild,
Yon river, in its overflow
Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea;
And over these gray fields, then green and gold,
The summer corn has waved, the thunder's organ rolled.

VI.

Rich gift of God! A year of time!
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our Northern clime
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier smells,
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and flowers,
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its round been ours!

VII.

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go;
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

VIII.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer!

IX.

The eye may well be glad, that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and wind;
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

X.

And thus it is my fancy blends
The near at hand and far and rare;
And while the same horizon bends
Above the silver-sprinkled hair
Which flashed the light of morning skies
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes.
Within its round of sea and sky and field,
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos stands revealed.

XI.

And thus the sick man on his bed,
The toiler to his task-work bound,
Behold their prison-walls outspread,
Their clipped horizon widen round!
While freedom-giving fancy waits,
Like Peter's angel at the gates,
The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,
To bring the lost world back, and make it theirs again!

XII.

What lack of goodly company,
When masters of the ancient lyre
Obey my call, and trace for me
Their words of mingled tears and fire!
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,
I read the world with Pascal's eyes;
And priest and sage, with solemn brows austere,
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of Thought, draw near.

XIII.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,
"In vain the human heart we mock;
Bring living guests who love the day,
Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock!
The herbs we share with flesh and blood,
Are better than ambrosial food,
With laurelled shades." I grant it, nothing loath,
But doubly blest is he who can partake of both.

XIV.

He who might Plato's banquet grace,
Have I not seen before me sit,
And watched his puritanic face,
With more than Eastern wisdom lit?
Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back
Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,
Links Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age of steam!

XV.

Here, too, of answering love secure,
Have I not welcomed to my hearth
The gentle pilgrim troubadour,
Whose songs have girdled half the earth;
Whose pages, like the magic mat
Whereon the Eastern lover sat,
Have borne me over Rhine-land's purple vines,
And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's mountain pines!

XVI.

And he, who to the lettered wealth
Of ages adds the lore unpriced,
The wisdom and the moral health,
The ethics of the school of Christ;
The statesman to his holy trust,
As the Athenian archon, just,
Struck down, exiled like him for truth alone,
Has he not graced my home with beauty all his own?

XVII.

What greetings smile, what farewells wave,
What loved ones enter and depart!
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart!
How conscious seems the frozen sod
And beechen slope whereon they trod!
The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent friends.

XVIII.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
To bear the winter's lingering chills,
The mocking spring's perpetual loss.
I dream of lands where summer smiles,
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet!

XIX.

At times I long for gentler skies,
And bathe in dreams of softer air,
But homesick tears would fill the eyes
That saw the Cross without the Bear.
The pine must whisper to the palm,
The north-wind break the tropic calm;
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to beauty join.

XX.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego,
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

XXI.

Home of my heart! to me more fair
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,

The painted, shingly town-house where
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!
The simple roof where prayer is made,
Than Gothic groin and colonnade;
The living temple of the heart of man,
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan!

XXII.

More dear thy equal village schools,
Where rich and poor the Bible read,
Than classic halls where Priestcraft rules,
And learning wears the chains of Creed;
Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in
The scattered sheaves of home and kin,
Than the mad license following Lenten pains,
Or holidays of slaves who laugh and dance in chains.

XXIII.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
And perch along these wooded swells;
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
Nor woman winged before her time,
But with the faults and follies of the race,
Old home-bred virtues held their not unhonored place.

XXIV.

Here manhood struggles for the sake
Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,
The graces and the loves which make
The music of the march of life;

And woman, in her daily round
Of duty, walks on holy ground.
No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here
Is the bad lesson learned at human rights to sneer.

XXV.

Then let the icy north-wind blow
The trumpets of the coming storm,
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,
As gayly as I did of old;
And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

XXVI.

And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine;
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star!

XXVII.

I have not seen, I may not see,
My hopes for man take form in fact,
But God will give the victory
In due time; in that faith I act.
And he who sees the future sure,

The baffling present may endure,
And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand that leads
The heart's desires beyond the halting step of deeds.

XXVIII.

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,
Where harsher songs of mine have flown;
Go, find a place at home and hearth
Where'er thy singer's name is known;
Revive for him the kindly thought
Of friends; and they who love him not,
Touched by some strain of thine, perchance may take
The hand he proffers all, and thank him for thy sake.

Ottilie A. Liljencrantz—

Miss Liljencrantz's pen pictures of our Teutonic ancestors are full of life. Often where the suggestion of modern thought enters, the surface tints are skillfully deepened and blended into a rugged background. To stand before her wordy canvases and appreciate the fullness of their beauty, one must withdraw from close range and drift backward to the early point of thought, and there, mingling with the most superstitious of men, live in Nature's temples, believe in strange creeds, and strive to find peace and happiness 'mid the emblems and ornaments of War and Death. And in that atmosphere of mystery and brutality where stately pines pierce the Valhalla and where primitive man waits but for the stir of a branch to spur him on to battle,—we observe the altar of sacred love. Read her sagas of "The Ward of King Canute," "The Thrall of Lief the Lucky" and "Randvar the Songsmith," and see the shrine worshippers, hear the clash of arms and hear the hallowed groves ring with frenzied cries of rivalry over love's offering. The viking is dead but his spirit goes marching on.

The able literary artist answers the query in this way:

"The accepted classics in poetry I read with pleasure, but without great preference. In fact, to be quite candid—and rather Irish—my favorite poetry is prose. Since you insist that I must have a favorite, I think Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' comes the nearest of anything to filling the place."

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

(This beautiful poem was written one bright summer morning on the back of an invitation.)

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
  Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Will O. Lillibridge (1876-1909)—

Dr. Lillibridge was one of the most promising individuals in the ranks of the young and ambitious story-writers. At the time of his death he was carving a name for himself in the libraries of popular fiction and had he lived a few more seasons and written as well as he had in the past, he would most undoubtedly have been greeted as "the foremost writer of vivid and dramatic western literature." As it was, he produced five successful novels, one of which, "Ben Blair," led in the sales in the year in which it was produced. It was a breezy western story with a dare and a dash followed by its consequences.

When requested to name her late husband's choice of poems, Mrs. Lillibridge stated in a few words:

"While I believe that he had no one favorite poem, still I know that he read and quoted 'The Rubaiyat' more frequently than any other."

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865)—

Sixteenth President of the United States of America.

President Lincoln's favorite poem was that from the pen of William Knox—"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud." He committed the poem to memory and upon several occasions he delighted his listeners by repeating its lines to them. The poem is printed elsewhere in this volume.

(Contributed by Capt. Jack Crawford.)

TO LINCOLN.

On His One Hundredth Anniversary.

(By one of his boys who shook hands with him at City Point, Va., two days after Lee's surrender.)

Immortal man, God lost the plan
That builded you. And yet how few
Could understand that mighty, grand,
Unselfish Soul, that held control
Of minds—of men. Unflinching when
In darkest hour, you had the power
To stand and fight, for Truth and Right;
And sip and sup of bitter cup—
When thorns bore down upon your crown—
And smiling cool—at ridicule—
You loved none best, North, South, East, West,

But loving all while earth you trod
Like Christ, Himself, you kissed the Rod—
A Martyred Masterpiece of God.
And sure as Christ was born for Good,
Was mocked and scourged, misunderstood,
Betrayed, deserted and denied,
And by His people crucified,
So like the Christ you lived and died.

John Luther Long—

Author of "Madam Butterfly," "Miss Cherry-Blossom of Tôkyô," "The Way of the Gods," "Billy Boy," etc.

"I am sorry to say, dear Mr. Varney, that I was 'brought up' on 'The Idyls of the King,' of Tennyson, and that the 'Morte d'Arthur' and the 'Dedication' seem to me the best of the lot. However, 'Launcelot and Guinevere' still retain their gracious fragrance for me as at first. Of course, next to these is the commonplace adoration of every school-boy for the 'Iliad' and the Latin things of our school days. These, I suppose, you have heard from abundantly. I am, also, fond of reading Walt Whitman's 'O Captain! My Captain.'"

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

(Written in memory of President Lincoln, to whom the poem refers as the captain of the ship of state.)

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart ! heart ! heart !
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! My Captain ! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Hear Captain ! dear father !
This arm beneath your head !
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer me, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells !
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck: my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

Charles Battell Loomis—

Mr. Loomis is known as a writer of short stories filled with breezy humor and sprinkled with modest pathos. Among his best books are "Yankee Enchantments," "Cheerful Americans," "Minerva's Manoeuvres," and "The Knack of It."

Here is the author's reply:

"I am fond of many poems: Sonnets of Shakespeare, fugitive verses, and lyrics by known and unknown men. "Crossing the Bar" came into my mind when I read your letter. That is one of my favorites and I am willing to let it stand.

"The 'Eve of St. Agnes' is a favorite of mine also. Lyrics appeal to me especially. I do not care for long poems as a rule. A poem should express a mood and moods are seldom lengthy."

ORIGIN OF THE OPAL.

A dewdrop came, with a spark of flame
  He had caught from the sun's last ray,
To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest
  Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down, with a blush and frown;
  But she smiled all at once, to view
Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,
  Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look
  At the sky, so soft and blue;
And a leaflet green, with its silver sheen,
  Was seen by the idler too.

A cold north wind, as he thus reclined,
Of a sudden raged around;
And a maiden fair, who was walking there,
Next morning, an opal found.

—Anonymous.

Charles Fletcher Lummis—

One of the foremost American travelers and explorers. He has devoted the past few years in the southwestern part of United States endeavoring to preserve historic landmarks. He founded "The Southwest Society Archaeological Institute of America."

Mr. Lummis is the only one of the many contributors to this volume who mentions the following prayer as a favorite. The familiar lines of the prayer of our childhood days deserve a place in this work, for as some writer has remarked: "The simple prayer 'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep' is the bolt of trust which locks the door of every Christian soul when the night of rest draws nigh."

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

Amen.

The following verses were found in the knapsack of a dead soldier on one of the bloody fields of the Civil War:

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

Near the camp-fire's flickering light
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night
At the twinkling stars on high;
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigils seem to keep
As I breathe my childhood's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whippoorwill
In the boughs of yonder tree;
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Foemen may be lurking near
In the valley dark and deep;
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear:
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

'Mid those stars one face I see—
One the Savior called away—
Mother, who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray;
Her sweet spirit hovers near
In this lonely mountain brake.
Take me to her, Savior dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light
As each ember slowly dies;
Plaintively the birds of night
Fill the air with saddening cries;

Over me they seem to cry:
"You may never more awake."
Low I lisp: "If I should die,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

Peter C. Lutkin—

Composer of sacred music and conductor of note. Has acted as organist in leading Chicago churches since 1871.

"I am especially fond of Sidney Lanier's 'Into the woods my master went,' his 'Sunrise' and other of his poems."

James Russell Lowell—(1819-1891)

American author, educator and diplomat.

Mr Lowell considered "My Maryland" by James Ryder Randall to be one of the best poems that he had ever read and certainly the finest written during the War of the Rebellion.

MY MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland,
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland,
Avenge the patriotic gore,
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Hark to the exiled sons appeal,
Maryland.
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland,
For life or death, for woe or weal
The peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird the beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland,
The beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland,
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland,
Come with the panoplied array,
Maryland,
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey;
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland,
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland.
She meets her sisters on the plain,
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain

That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum!
Maryland!

The "Old Line's" bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum—
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hamilton Wright Mabie—

Noted author, Associate editor of "The Outlook."

Mr. Mabie sends four titles from among the many he enjoys. Shelley's "The Skylark," Keat's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," Wordsworth's "Lines on Tintern Abbey" and Shakespeare's "Fidele."

Lieut. Gen. Arthur MacArthur—

Retired army officer of U. S. A. Want of space prevents us from reviewing his brilliant military career.

The noted soldier sends this very interesting reply: "To my mind there is no work in the world so deeply and so uniformly impressive and suggestive as 'Paradise Lost.'

"My own experience is to the effect that perusal of this great masterpiece frequently stimulates unconscious mental action, the involuntary processes of which induce new conceptions of the possibilities of human destiny; and opens a boundless scope for the imagination of the future evolution of the race."

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE.

O, these are thy glorious works, Parent of good.
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fliest,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it now as light dispels the dark.

—Milton.

Rev. Robt. Stuart MacArthur, D. D.—

Pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York. He is not only one of the most eminent and popular divines in the American pulpit, but he also ranks as one of the foremost historical lecturers of the present day. "The Empire of the Czar," "India, the Mysterious and Magnificent," "Japan—the Sunrise Kingdom," are classed among his oratorical gems.

Here is a letter from the noted preacher expressing his choice:

"In certain moods, my favorite poem is Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall.' In all moods, there is charm and power in Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' which poem takes its place among the greatest of elegies.

"For perfection of dramatic art and profundity of mental and spiritual analysis, Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' stands first.

"For majestic and sonorous rhetoric, the fortieth chapter of Isaiah is my favorite.

"For subtle philosophy on the one hand and exalted description on the other, give me the Book of Job.

"The grandest short story as a bit of rhetoric and the noblest example of the wideness of God's mercy is the Book of Jonah.

"The loftiest example of sonorous language is found in the doxologies of the Apostle Paul in several of his epistles; and of the Apostle John in the Book of Revelation.

"The noblest illustration of celestialized communion with God is in the true prayer of our Lord, John, the seventeenth chapter."

ISAIAH.

CHAPTER XL.

The promulgation of the gospel.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

2 Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

3 The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

4 Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

5 And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

6 The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

7 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

8 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever.

9 O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

10 Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

11 He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

12 Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

13 Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him?

14 With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and showed to him the way of understanding?

15 Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.

16 And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.

17 All nations before him are as nothing; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.

18 To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?

19 The workman melteth a graven image, and the goldsmith spreadeth it over with gold, and casteth silver chains.

20 He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation chooseth a tree that will not rot; he seeketh unto him a cunning workman to prepare a graven image, that shall not be moved.

21 Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth?

22 It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in:

23 That bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

24 Yea, they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth: and he shall also blow upon them, and they shall

wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.

25 To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One.

26 Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth.

27 Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?

28 Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.

29 He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

30 Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

31 But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

Charles Major—

The writer of many fascinating stories, several of which have been successfully dramatized. His pen has given us the romantic love affairs of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and those of "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg." David Banks Sickles pays a high compliment to Mr. Major's characters when he states that they live and breathe and act as though they were in your actual presence and members of your company.

"Of the many kinds of poems I believe the following list will represent those I like best, tho' I might change my mind tomorrow in some respect. Among the thousands of great poems, one is apt to like best, the one read last.

" 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' 'Enoch Arden,' 'The Day is Done,' 'The Babes of the Wood' (Bret Harte), and 'Old Aunt Mary's' (Riley)."

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
  Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
  From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
  Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
  That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
  That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
  As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
  Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
  And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,

Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
  And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
  And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
  Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
  The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
  That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
  The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
  The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
  And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away.

—By Henry W. Longfellow.

Mangasar M. Mangasarian—

Lecturer and author. One of the organizers of the "Independent Religious Society" in Chicago.

"Omar Khayyam's 'Rubaiyat' and Meretinoe's 'Nature' are the poetic compositions I admire and enjoy greatly."

Edwin Markham—

Poet and lecturer, best known as the author of "The Man with the Hoe," the poem which has produced more stir than any poem penned by an American in many decades. His masterpieces voice the social wrongs and injustices of our age. He is called by some "The Last of the Greek Singers," while others have knighted him "The Poet Laureate of America."

In answer to the query, the great poet writes:

"For the pathos of the vanishing, I choose Tennyson's 'Tears, Idle Tears'; for a march of orchestral music, I turn to Swinburne's 'Ave atque Vale'; for a waft of romantic love, I ask for Browning's 'By the Fireside.'

"I may say in passing that 'Tears, Idle Tears" was also a favorite of Poe's: he quotes it in his essay on 'The Poetic Principle.'"

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one

That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,—
O Death in life, the days that are no more.

—Lord Tennyson; "The Princess."

Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason—

The well-known author of "Women of the French Salons," and "Women in the Golden Ages."

"My favorite English poet is perhaps Tennyson and the poem I read most often is 'In Memoriam': but there are times when no one gives me so much pleasure as Robert Browning in his moments and he is of a totally different style."

Hudson Maxim—

Noted inventor and mechanical engineer. Best known as the inventor of smokeless powder in the U. S. Has disposed of many of his formulas and inventions to the government, including "Maximite," a high explosive, used in destroying heavy armor plate.

Mr. Maxim spends much of his spare time in his large, private library, and when he was approached by the editor, he did not have to tarry long to find

words in which to express his poetical tastes. Like many another man, he deemed it a pleasure to add a few lines to the making of this unique anthology.

"Antony's Address to Caesar's body in the Senate by Shakespeare, the Address of Ulysses to Achilles by Shakespeare, 'The Man with the Hoe' by Edwin Markham, and the first twelve lines of Lowell's "Ode to France' are among the best specimens of blank verse-poetry; and Poe's 'Raven,' Shelley's 'Cloud,' Keat's 'Ode to a Grecian Urn,' and Gray's 'Elegy' are among the best specimens of rhymed verse-poetry."

FROM "JULIUS CAESAR."

Vaughan's "Sermons From Shakespeare."

From the bursting heart of Antony comes that splendid sermon on the vanity of a world without a God.

"Oh mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
(And he leaves the dead to seek the living)
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age."
Then Brutus speaks:
"O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity,—
Hath done this deed on Caesar." (Antony easily appeased, answers)
"..... I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna, and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. (Seeing the upturned face of Caesar his better nature overcomes him)
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer striken by many princes
Does thou here lie!".....

(But self conquers, and again the politician speaks)

"Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty."

(Then Cassius speaks)

"I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?"

"Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous."

(And then alone with Caesar)

"O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do open their ruby lips

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the part of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Caesar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial."

George Barr McCutcheon—

A writer of tales of romantic adventure. His books, many of which have been staged, have made his name known throughout the length and breadth of the country. His catalogue contains "Graustark," "Beverly of Graustark," "Nedra," "Jane Cable," "Castle Craneycrow," "The Sherrods," "Brewster's Millions," "The Man from Brodney's," "The Flyers," and "Truxton King."

"My favorite poem is that masterpiece of descriptive verse, 'The Raven,' by Edgar Allen Poe. It tells a story that I can understand and appreciate."

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door,
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door"—
Only this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Nameless here for ever more.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door'':
This it is and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
''Sir,'' said I, ''or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you''—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered name ''Lenore?''
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word ''Lenore!''
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
''Surely,'' said I, ''surely that is something at my window lattice;

Let me see then what thereat is and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open then I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he.
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore.
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian Shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly;
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust spoke only
That one word as if his soul in that one word he did outpour,
Nothing farther then he uttered: not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never—nevermore."

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core.
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet-lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah! nevermore.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath sent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore.

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I "thing of evil!—prophet still, if
bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter-sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I im-
plore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell me—
I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if
bird or devil!—
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we
both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant
Aidenn
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or friend!"
I shrieked upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plu-
tonian Shore,
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken,

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above
my door;
Take the beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!''
Quoth the Raven, ''Nevermore.''

And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door;
And his eyes have all the seeming, of a demon's that
is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

John McGovern—

Poet, author and lecturer. His books are ''Golden Censer,'' ''Burritt Durand,'' ''David Lockwin,'' ''Geoffrey,'' ''Jason Hortner,'' etc.

Mr. McGovern writes:

''I have always thought that 'Thanatopsis' was the noblest and most perfect poem.''

THANATOPSIS.

(''Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.'')

(This poem is called ''America's First Great Poem.'' It was composed by Bryant when he was but seventeen years of age.)

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks

A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite fantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—

The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Hon. William McKinley (1843-1901)—
The Twenty-fifth President of the United States of America.

Whenever we sing the sacred lyric, "Lead, Kindly Light," we think of our late president. The beautiful hymn of comfort and help meant much to him. The pathos of its spiritual longings found an echo in his heart, and even in his last moments, when sinking into death, he called for its soul-uplifting strains.

Prof. Oscar L. Triggs, of the University of Chicago, has been credited with saying: "In all the hymn books used in the Protestant Christian churches there is only one song that may be considered as literature. That is 'Lead, Kindly Light,' written by Cardinal Newman."

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

McKINLEY.

The following poetic tribute is from the pen of Col. David Banks Sickles:

He wisely wields the sceptre given,
To force the ordered plan;
But humbly asks the aid of Heaven—
And then the aid of man.

He fearless moves where God has wrought,
Or made his purpose known;

And holds the Nation's vital thought
Superior to his own.

'Mid war or peace he firmly stands,
Full-arm'd by virtue's might;
And meekly lifts his stainless hands
To guard alone the Right.

Unmoved by party hate or strife,
Unchanged by faltering friends;
His care is for the Nation's life,
And there his mission ends.

Hon. Lee Meriweather—

Traveler and writer of note. His books, aside from several fiction covers, are the notes and tales of his experiences while abroad.

"Among the longer poems my favorites are Byron's 'Childe Harold,' particularly the first and third cantos; and 'Manfred.' Among the shorter poems I am inclined to think there is much of life and history and philosophy, as well as fine rhythm, in Kipling's 'Vampire.'"

Celeste J. Miller—

"The most traveled woman in the world." Miss Miller has the distinction of having been the first woman to travel over the Trans-Siberian Railway; of having been the first woman to traverse South America alone, and also of having been the first American woman to visit many remote islands scattered over the globe. Among her remarkable achievements included in her circling the globe five times, was a 500-mile trip on an Arabian horse to Palestine and Syria. The same number of miles marked her journey to Morocco; while hundreds of miles in a mule palanquin in Manchuria have been among her unusual travels. One thousand mosques, temples and churches have

been visited by her; castles, huts, rivers, lakes, mountains and valleys have been her haunts.

Her remarkable collection of valuable curios tells many tales of her wanderings. Her varied experiences have found their way to the press in her recent publication, "The Newest Way Around the World."

Miss Miller has compiled a list of favorites, including a number of familiar titles:

Robert Browning—"The Last Ride Together," and "The Boy and the Angel."

Robert Burns—"Bannockburn," and "To a Mountain Daisy."

Lord Byron—"The Prisoner of Chillon," and "Childe Harold."

Lord Tennyson—"Break, Break, Break."

Edgar Allan Poe—"The Raven."

William Cullen Bryant—"Thanatopsis."

Oliver Wendell Holmes—"Old Ironsides," and "The One Hoss Shay."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—"Evangeline," and "Hiawatha."

"In literature," adds Miss Miller, "I like Charles Dickens the best."

OLD IRONSIDES.

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victors' tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

Joaquin Miller—

"The poet of the Sierras." This gifted writer and lover of Nature needs no introduction to the American public.

From "The Hights," Fruitvale, California, the sweet singer of the "Songs of the Sierras," and the interpreter of the thundering surf sends his greetings and best wishes, and adds:

"And God said: 'Let There Be Light.' This seems to me the best line in literature."

The following farewell was written by the poet in 1902, after receiving the sad news informing him of the death of his friend and fellow-writer, Bret Harte.

GOOD-BY, BRET HARTE!

Yon yellow sun melts in the sea;
A somber ship sweeps silently
Past Alcatraz tow'rd Orient skies—
A mist is rising to the eyes—
Good-by, Bret Harte, good night, good night!

Yon sea bank booms far funeral guns!—
What secrets of His central suns,
Companion of the peak and pine,
What secrets of the spheres are thine?
Good-by, Bret Harte, good night, good night!

You loved the lowly, laughed at pride,
We mocked, we mocked and pierced your side;
And yet for all harsh scoffings heard
You answered not one unkind word,
But went your way, as now: Good night!

How stately tall your ships, how vast,
With night nailed to your leaning mast
With mighty stars of hammered gold
And moon-wrought cordage manifold!
Good-by, Bret Harte, good night, good night!

Hon. Luther Laflin Mills (1848-1909)—

Mr. Mills was one of the ablest jurists in the Middle West at the time of his death and, as a deep thinker and brilliant orator, he enjoyed a national reputation. He figured in many celebrated cases at the bar of justice, where he met and opposed the greatest barristers of his time. Illinois will long remember the words he uttered in her famous Sturlata, Cronin and other murder cases, while many a court room scattered here and there will continue to point with pride to its cherished rolls, recording the fact that the noted lawyer spoke in its criminal chamber.

Besides being an active member of many charitable organizations, Mr. Mills was deeply interested in a number of philanthropic enterprises in his home city and was identified with many of its important measures for the uplifting and betterment of its citizens.

What was the favorite poem of this great soul of scholarly habits and broad culture? What was the poetry of one who could sympathize with his fellowmen as well as prosecute them? Not the alarm of war nor the call for civil strife was his; not the vain words of pagan writers nor the selfish desire of any aristocratic party—but, as a humanitarian, he was for peace and his words voiced a message for all men, regardless of creed, color or gilded worth.

To live in close communion with fellow-man, to believe in the rendering of service and to acknowledge the supremacy, the power and the love of the Divine must have been foremost in his mind and heart when he said that his favorite of all poetry was:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."
—From Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell—

American poet and novelist. From his ink-stand have issued many stories of adventure, mystery, love and realism. To those who desire to know some of his works, we recommend "The Red City," "Hugh Wynne," "Circumstance," "Roland Blake," "Dr. North and His Friends," "A Diplomatic Adventure," and "A Madeira Party."

The Doctor adds another vote to Keats' popularity when he declares:

"If I was asked and obliged to answer concerning

what English poem I should rather have written and to choose one of no great length, I should say Keats' 'Ode to a Grecian Urn.' ''

Mme. Helena Modjeska (1843-1909)—
The great Polish actress.

Aside from her native literature, Mme. Modjeska loved the standard pieces of Shakespeare, Goethe, Molière and Schiller.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a riping, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

''Henry VIII.''—Shakespeare.

Harriet Monroe—

A poet of international fame.

Here is the poet's list:
Shakespeare's Sonnets and Songs.
Shelley's Odes.
Keats' "Nightingale."
Coleridge's "Kubla Khan."
Poe's "To Helen."
Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed."

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicæn barks of yore,
That gently, o'er perfumed sea,
  The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece
  And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
  Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
  Are Holy Land!

Henry D. Muir—

Author of "Mary Magdalene."

"My favorite poets are Shakespeare and Keats, and I could copy from their works deeply appreciated extracts all day long, especially from Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night,' and Keats' 'Eve of St. Agnes.' However, I'll content myself with writing out for you a morsel from Alexander Smith's 'A Life—Drama,' a poem overwrought and rhapsodical in the main, but containing many golden and inspiring lines. Here's some fair advice:

'Be brave and strong through all the wrestling years—
A brave soul is a thing which all things serve.'"

Philip Van Ness Myers—

Historian and Political Economist. His "General History," "Ancient History," "Mediæval and Modern History," are used in many of our higher institutions of learning.

"My favorite poems are Tennyson's 'In Memorian,' and Edwin Markham's 'The Man with the Hoe.'"

Sir John Millais (1829-1896)—

Noted English painter. His work is noted for its range, its strength and its execution. Among his well-known canvases are "Chill October," "The Huguenot Lovers," "The Princes in the Tower," and the "Northwest Passage."

ALL.

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein,
With a rusty buckle and green curb chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a mouldy saddle—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable—it is not far;
The moss grown door is hanging ajar,
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger, and that is all.

The good black horse came riderless home,
Flecked with blood drops as well as foam;
See yonder hillock where dead leaves fall;
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? O God! it is all I can speak;
Question me not—I am old and weak;
His sabre and saddle hang on the wall;
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

—Anon.

Of the above, Bayard Taylor once said: "I know of no finer poem of its length."

Prof. Simon Newcomb (1835-1909)—

Late Rear-Admiral U. S. N. For years Professor Newcomb was recognized the world over as one of its foremost astronomers and scientists. He not only had been honored with the highest degrees from various institutions at home and abroad, but had been elected an honorary member of every high class scientific, mathematical and astronomical society in the world. His tables and charts of the motions of the stars, the planets and other heavenly bodies have made him famous.

Shortly after his death, the astronomer's widow sent the following note to the editor:

"He (Professor Newcomb) was a great lover of poetry—especially the hymn beginning with 'The Spacious Firmament on High'; also Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' 'Christmas Hymn,' 'Comus,' and Longfellow's 'Wreck of the Hesperus.'"

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

—J. Addison.

Peter Newell—

Illustrator of many juvenile books and the author of a number of sketch books. His illustrations in "Innocents Abroad," "Alice in Wonderland," and "Alice Through the Looking Glass," are prized by many a child.

"Here is my list," quotes the artist:
Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."
Burns' "To a Mountain Daisy."
Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night."
Kipling's "Recessional."
Tennyson's "Lyrics of the King," "Lord Burleigh," and the "Lotus Eaters."

Meredith Nicholson—

A writer whose stories bear the stamp of strength and originality, and rank among the very best tales of the day. To the readers of good fiction, we recommend Mr. Nicholson's "The House of a Thousand Candles," "The Port of Missing Men," "Rosalind at Red Gate," "The Main Chance," "The Little Brown Jug at Kildare" and his "Lords of High Decision."

"Milton's 'Lycidas' is my favorite poem, and I have no close second choice."

LYCIDAS.

(The first fifty lines are printed here.)

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,

Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed by the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering
wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,

And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Sir Gilbert Parker—

Member of British Parliament and one of the most popular of English prose writers. Among his books are "The Vendetta," "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Trail of the Sword," "The Right of Way," "A Ladder of Swords," "The Weavers," etc. His stories are full of love, fighting and plotting, and because of their dramatic power they have been successfully staged.

The following poems were named by Sir Gilbert, and although he did not indicate the way he ranks them as to choice, we venture to assume that they were dictated with a conscious reference to a degree of personal liking: Gray's "Elegy," Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustan," Swinburne's "Threnody on Bandelaire," Derzhavin's "Ode to God," Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
  When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crost the bar.

(This noble death-song was written just after the English poet-laureate had recovered from a siege of illness. It was while crossing the Solvent with his son Hallam, late one October afternoon, that the words of thought, inspired, by nature, came to mind. Reaching his study, he at once sat down and penned the lines. Showing the poem to his son, he declared, "It came in a moment." Today, the poem ranks as one of the three greatest death-songs ever written.

It may not be generally known that in a panel of stitching of the linen pall which covered the dead poet's coffin, was worked the last verse of this immortal song. —Editor.)

Rev. Chas H. Parkhurst, D.D.

The famous New York Presbyterian clergyman. In 1891 he became president of the "Society for the Prevention of Crime." The same year he startled New York by causing the investigation of the city's police by the State Legislature. It has been said that he and Jacob Riis have done more towards exposing and cleansing the slums of New York city than all the rest of the reformers banded together. His pungent epigrams and sharp criticisms are read the country over. He has written much, his last work being a collection of sermons entitled "A Little Lower Than the Angels."

The eminent divine writes as follows: "The poem that I treasure most warmly is Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.' The following are the stanzas and verses respectively that I particularly enjoy:

Stanzas.	Verses.	Stanzas.	Verses.
1	1	33	1, 2, 3 and 4
5	1	41	3
6	1 and 2	46	1 and 2
16	5	50	1, 2, 3 and 4
21	6 and 7	53	2, 4 and 5
24	3 and 4	54	4 and 5

Randall Parrish—

A prolific writer of popular fiction. During the past six years he has written no less than eight books, all of which have been leaders in their seasons of publication. Who has not read "My Lady of the North," "Bob Hampton of Placer," "A Sword of the Old Frontier," "Beth Norvell," "Prisoners of Chance," "My Lady of the South," or that "Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel"?

Mr. Parrish states: "I am exceedingly fond of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' and read it more often than any other verse. For shorter poems my heart always responds to Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar.'"

William Farquhar Payson—

Editor and author. He has presented us with "The Triumph of Life," "The Titlemonger," "The Copymaker," and "The Debonnaire."

Extract from Mr. Payson's letter: "At present (Sept. 9, 1909) I'd name these poems:

1. Shelley's 'Skylark.'

2. Walt Whitman's 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed.'

3. Edgar Allen Poe's 'To Helen.'

"The most beautiful single line however in all English verse is to me Marlowe's: 'Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.' "

EXTRACT FROM "WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOMED."

From Werner's Reading and Recitations No. 44, Edgar S. Werner and Co., New York.

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come,
come unfalteringly.

Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.

Elmore Elliott Peake—

Author of "The Little King of Angel's Landing," "The Pride of Tellfair," "The Darlingtons," and other popular fiction books.

"Cotter's Saturday Night," Burns.
"Mandalay," Kipling.
"Waiting," John Burroughs.
"Thanatopsis," Bryant.
"Eve of St. Agnes," Keats.
"Elegy," Gray.
"Snowbound," Whittier.
"Tintern Abbey," Wordsworth.

"The above list merely represents what I like best," states Mr. Peake in submitting the above titles.

Harry Thurston Peck. A. M.

Professor of Latin, Columbia University, and the editor of "The Bookman." Has edited many of the leading reference works of the day, and has contributed many scholarly articles to various educational papers.

As a reader, Dr. Peck has perused the pages of hundreds of volumes, and being a close student, a keen observer and a worthy judge of the masterpieces in literature, it would be worth the reader's while to study the poems mentioned by one who knows and appreciates their beauty.

"I beg to say," writes the Doctor, "that of long poems my favorite is the 'Odssey' of Homer, and that of short poems I most admire the lyrics interspersed throughout Tennyson's 'The Princess,'"

Hon. Sidney Perley—

Prominent lawyer and writer of Salem, Mass. His writings are, more or less, historical reviews of that section of the New England states in which he lives.

"I would say that I think 'The Eternal Goodness' by John Greenleaf Whittier, is my favorite poem."

David Graham Phillips—

Another author of wide reputation. His stories are both interesting and fascinating, and in several of them the characters are drawn from men in the limelight of publicity. We are indebted to him for "The Plum Tree," "The Deluge," "The Cost," "The Master Rogue," "Light-Fingered Gentry," and other excellent novels.

"It is difficult to say what I like best, as all of these things are matters of mood. Perhaps, however, I think oftenest of the 'Soliloquy on Sleep,' in Shakespeare's 'Henry IV,' Second part, Act Third, Scene first, and Keats' 'Ode to A Nightingale' and next to them Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind.'"

SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies, to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude:
And in the calmest, and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Charles Felton Pidgin—

Author and inventor. It would require several pages of this volume to give in full the names of the numerous devices he has invented, and to tabulate his various musical compositions, poems and literary works. We must content ourselves with giving the names of a few of his better known books: "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "Blennerhassett," "The Climax," "The Corsican Lovers," and "The Further Adventures of Quincy Adams Sawyer and Mason Corner Folks."

Mr. Pidgin's letter contains many old time favorites: "The lyrical form appeals to me most strongly. If set to music, the melody increases their charm for me. The list of such is a long one: 'Juanita,' 'My Old Kentucky Home,' 'Suwanee River,' 'My Maryland,' etc. Were I on a battleship, my favorite would be Drakes 'Ameri-

can Flag' and Holmes' 'Old Ironsides;' were I listening to a debate in Congress, for the time, Longfellow's 'Thou, too Sail on O Ship of State' would be uppermost in my mind. In other moods, Poe's 'Annabel Lee,' Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' and 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' Joyce's 'Laugh and the World laughs with you, Weep and You Weep alone,' or Whittier's 'Skipper Ireson's Ride,' would please me most. Of the English poets Swinburne is the most melodious, his poems supply their own music.''

Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were forged the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock, and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;

She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
" 'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
Frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt-sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Arthur Wing Pinero—

The eminent English dramatist. It has been said that he has written the most human work yet known to modern English dramatic literature. His plays are noted for their tactful and clever women. "Sweet Lavendar," "The Amazons," "His House in Order," "Iris," "The Profligate," "The Thunderbolt," "The Gay Lord Quex," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" are a few of his creations that have carved him a name in theatrical circles and assisted in making him immensely rich.

The playwright's letter to the editor is as follows: "I have tried to imagine the whole body of English verse suddenly expunged from literature. In doing this, I find that the poet whose work I should most miss is Shakespeare, who, to my thinking, not only exceeds but includes the highest achievements of other poets. And, of the work of Shakespeare, that part which I feel would be the heaviest loss to me is 'Macbeth,' the greatest of his, and perhaps of tragedies. I thus conclude that my favorite poetry is that of 'Macbeth.'"

Rev. Samuel Plantz, D.D.—

President of Lawrence College. A member of several leading scientific and historical organizations; also a contributor of many timely articles to various current publications.

"I think my favorite descriptive poem is Shelley's 'Cloud;' for strength and sublimity the poem called 'Ode to God' by Derzhavin, translated by Bowring, has always seemed to me one of the greatest things in literature. For a meditative poem Browning's 'Saul' has pleased me as much as any shorter poem; and for pathos I have always been greatly attracted by Byron's 'Isles of Greece.'"

Almira George Plympton—

Another able writer from literary Massachusetts whose writings have been received with marked favor. To the juvenile realm her pen has introduced "Dear Daughter Dorothy," "Dorothy and Anton," "Penelope Prig," "A Flower of the Wilderness," "Dorcaster Days," and other delightful stories.

"'Abt Vogler' and 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' by Browning, 'St. Agnes' Eve' by Keats, Tennyson's 'Lotus Eaters,' 'Sunrise' and 'The Marshes of Glynn' by Lanier are all favorites."

Edgar Allen Poe (1809-1849)—

The most original of American writers. A number of his poems are printed in this volume.

The poem "For All Who Die" by Mrs. Lewis was regarded by Poe as the most beautiful of its kind in the English language. Edwin Markham informs us that "Tears, Idle Tears" by Tennyson's pen was a favorite of Poe's. Poe mentioned this fact in his essay on "The Poetic Principle."

FOR ALL WHO DIE.

It hath been said for all who die
There is a tear,
Some paining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier;
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear?

Who'll watch the fast departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come,
In words of woe,
And follow me to my long home,
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep,
Who then, by pure affection led,
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all around,

As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That cold sod's gloom,
T'would mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
From halls of glee
And beauty's pressure one would steal
In secrecy
And come and sit or stand by me,
In night's deep noon,
Oh, I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But ah, a lonelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe.
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go.
Draw round me my pale robes of white,
In a dark spot
To sleep thro' death's long, dreamless night,
Lone and forgot.

Gen. Horace Porter—

It would be a difficult task indeed to find a more patriotic citizen in the United States today. He has served this great republic since 1860, when he graduated from the Military Academy at West Point. He went to the front in '61 and remained throughout the bloody strife, a true soldier; and because of his gallant services rendered, he had no trouble in ascending the scale of honor and distinction. After the rebellion he became assistant secretary of war and at a later period, secretary to President Grant. For eight years he was the United States ambassador to France and while there recovered the body of Paul Jones, the famous American admiral. As an

orator the General has delivered many patriotic addresses at notable gatherings in various sections of the country. At present he is the president of the Navy League.

Like many other public officials, Gen. Porter states in a personal letter to the editor that his favorite poem is Gray's "Elegy Written in A Country Churchyard."

Rt. Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D.D.—(1834-1908.)

The noted Episcopal clergyman. Aside from his religious duties, he wrote many books dealing with ecclesiastical subjects and contributed most freely to the editorial sheets of various publications, endeavoring, as we all know, to present solutions to the mighty civic and educational problems confronting the American people. Capital as well as labor respected him and whenever he spoke or penned his thoughts, their leaders inclined their ears and weighed his arguments.

When asked to contribute a favorite to this work, the late Bishop responded by sending Psalm 146, and added, "The psalter for this day (July 30, 1903) contains an admirable verse, "The Lord Giveth Sight to the Blind.'"

PSALM 146. LAUDA, ANIMA MEA.

Praise the Lord, O my soul; while I live, will I praise the Lord: yea, as long as I have any being, I will sing praises unto my God.

2 O put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man: for there is no help in them.

3 For when the breath of man goeth forth, he shall turn again to his earth: and then all his thoughts perish.

4 Blessed is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help: and whose hope is in the Lord his God:

5 Who made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: who keepeth his promise for ever;

6 Who helpeth them to right that suffer wrong: who feedeth the hungry.

7 The Lord looseth men out of prison: the Lord giveth sight to the blind.

8 The Lord helpeth them that are fallen; the Lord careth for the righteous.

9 The Lord careth for the strangers; he defendeth the fatherless and widow: as for the way of the ungodly, he turneth it upside down.

10 The Lord thy God, O Sion, shall be King for evermore: and throughout all generations.

Giacomo Puccini—

The Italian composer of many operas. His first opera was "Le Villi," produced in 1884. His other productions include "Edgar," "Manon," "Tosca" and "Madam Butterfly." The story of the opera "Madam Butterfly" is credited to John Luther Long and its dramatization to David Belasco. Having witnessed a performance of the play in a London theater, Puccini became so impressed with its possibilities that he soon after retired to his villa at Torre Del Lago and penned the score of what was destined to become the most popular opera of the present age.

Puccini is a great lover of Chas. Dickens' works and is specially fond of Shakespeare's "The Tempest." The favorites of both John Long and David Belasco may be found elsewhere in this volume.

It may be of interest to note that H. M. Queen Maud of Norway, is also a lover of Dickens. She distributes many sets of his works among her friends and the poorer class in her country annually during the Yule Tide Season.

Katharine Pyle—

A writer of a number of beautiful books for young folks. Also well known as an artist.

"I think the poem of Wordsworth's beginning 'Then years she grew in sun and shower' is one of my favorites. And Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra.'"

Elizabeth A. Reed, A. M.

The remarkable books on "Hindu Literature," "Persian Literature," and "Primitive Buddhism," from the pen of Mrs. Reed have placed her in the front rank of learned American authors. Her subjects are handled in a scholarly fashion and are written in an easy, polished way, making the ancient themes both instructive and entertaining. She is the mother of Myrtle Reed McCullough, the popular writer.

Among the poems mentioned by Mrs. Reed as her favorites are.

"It Is Not Raining Rain to Me," Robert Loveman.
"The Recessional," Rudyard Kipling.
"Crossing the Bar," Alfred Tennyson.
"To America," Alfred Austin.
"The Blue and the Gray," Finch.
"River of Time," Taylor.
"Days of a Thousand Years," Wilbur Nesbit.
"Psalms of David," (especially the 23rd.)
"The Valley of Silence," Father Ryan.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
  For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

Myrtle Reed (Myrtle Reed McCullough)—

One of the most popular authors of the day. Her books are characterized by their poetic charm, pathos and quaint humor. Her latest volume, "Old Rose and Silver," follows in the wake of "Lavendar and Old Lace," "Love Letters of a Musician," "The Master's Violin," "At the Sign of the Jack o'Lantern," "Love Affairs of Literary Men," etc.

This charming writer has this to say regarding her choice: "I have so many 'favorite poems' that it is very hard to make a selection.

"Browning's 'Prospice' however, is easily among the first, with the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' and parts of 'Endymion.' I have, too, many favorites among the floating fragments of newspaper and magazine verse. Among these I remember especially John Bennett's 'In a Rose Garden,' Theodosia Garrison's 'Death of Heloise,' and Virginia Woodward Cloud's, 'You Who Lie Awake O' Nights.'"

THE DEATH OF HELOISE.

(From "The Top O' Life and other Poems.")
(Re-printed by special permission.)

"Surely your life draws hourly near to mine;
But yet a little and my hands shall lie
Close in your own, the whole earth mistily
Fades like a cloud against the sunset line.

Have we not waited, bravely desolate,
Telling our rosaries of patient tears,
Climbing these endless stairs of barren years
Niched by those pallid priests who bade us wait?

Have we not toiled each to his separate height?
Surely our paths approach, and suddenly
One space shall hold us both, and there shall be
A sound of surging from the shattered night,
And full against the dawn, God's saints, aghast,
Shall watch us cling, and laugh and sob, "At last."

Eben E. Rexford—

Poet and author. As a lover of nature, he has written much about flowers.

"My favorite poem, all things considered, is Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'"

Hon. Isaac L. Rice—

Prominent New York lawyer and author. Was the founder of the School of Political Sciences, Columbia College, president of many of the leading business enterprises of the day and an able contributor to various magazines.

"Perhaps the two poems that I prefer to listen to above all others are 'Crossing the Bar,' by Tennyson, and the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' attributed to Wolfe."

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

Jacob A. Riis—

The man whom ex-President Theodore Roosevelt declared to be "the most useful citizen in New York." He is an active reformer in the true sense of the word. He not only voices his cause—whatever it may be—but his pen is a mighty sword, and his paragraphs depicting the existing evils on which he is waging war cannot be excelled. He is responsible to a great extent for the tearing down of the crowded Mulberry Bend tenement buildings and for the doing away with police station lodging houses. He also headed the movement asking for more public schools for the young and was the first favoring the establishment of public playgrounds. These are but a few of the many good things he has done for the American metropolis. For the world at large he has written a number of books telling about that quarter in which he has labored for years—the slums. Anyone desiring to know the crowded little world and its people should not fail to read "How the Other Half Lives," "The Children of the Poor," "The Battle with the Slum," and "The Children of the Tenements."

May 18, 1909.

"Not since I was a boy in Denmark have I had leisure for reading poetry. Then it was the old folk songs I loved. Off and on, in the din of battle, nowadays some sweet strain comes which I seize upon and make my own. Often I do not know whence they come. Of such kind is this:

'One ship blows east and another west
By the self-same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gale
That points us the way to go.

Like the wind of the sea are the ways of Fate
As we journey along through life.
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the calm or the strife.'

"Here is a stanza of one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's songs I love:

'Heaven is a realm by lonely souls created
And hell was fashioned by the souls that hated.'

" 'Little Boy Blue,' Eugene Field's immortal poem, long ago wound its tendrils about my heart, and Bishop Brooks' 'Oh! Little Town of Bethlehem' is among my cherished treasures. I know of nothing that so speaks to the imagination as the first verse of that hymn.

"And so you go. Do you know the poem by John W. Chadwick (a clergyman in Brooklyn—I think, now dead) entitled 'The Two Waiting,' and beginning—

'Dear heart, you were waiting a year ago—'

"I read that often and am better for every time I read it. And finally, here is my prime favorite. It is by Maltbie Davenport Babcock, D. D., and is entitled—

BE STRONG!

Be strong!
We are not here to play—to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle,—face it: 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce,—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not,—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

That is as if it were written about Theodore Roosevelt—perhaps it was."

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

Theodore Roosevelt—
Ex-President of the United States of America.

It has been reported by one who is an intimate friend of Mr. Roosevelt, that the great Republican's favorite poem is "Opportunity," by the late Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas. As it was quite impossible for us to present the question to the statesman himself at the time this book went to press—he being in Africa—we accept the information kindly contributed by his friend.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The good are always brave;
The brave are always strong,
And mighty as the ocean's wave,
To overthrow the wrong.

He holds the sceptre given
By God's eternal hand,
As but a trust from Heaven
To bless the peopled land.

Amid ignoble strife,
Amid unworthy hate,
He seeks to guard the Nation's life
And guide the Ship of State.

Fearless he lifts his hand
To shield the true and pure;
And while the solid mountains stand,
His honor will endure.

—Col. David B. Sickles.

Walter Dendy Sadler—

An artist of England who has exhibited many of his paintings at the Royal Academy. His list of notable canvases includes "Darby and Joan," "The End of the Skein," "For Weal or Woe," "Nearly Done," etc.

Mr. Sadler sends this interesting letter from his studio at Hemingford Grey, St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, England: "When you are on the river, your boat tied up in a sheltered nook amongst the rushes and the willows, what is more fascinating than to listen to a beautiful contralto voice rendering you Tennyson's 'The Lady of Shalott'?

"The Sunday evening service at the village church, a glorious sunset filtering through the old stained glass windows—you think of Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith,'—and then comes floating through the aisle that lovely hymn, 'Abide With Me,' by Henry Francis Lyte.

"When we are all together round the cozy fireside, (a sing-song with recitations) has anything been written so soul-stirring as Rudyard Kipling's 'Gunga Din?'"

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?

Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

Olga Samaroff—
The noted pianist.

Mme. Samaroff is a lover of Keats' poems. Her favorite of favorites is found in "Hyperion," beginning with the passage:

"Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west.
Then, as was wont, his palace door flew ope
In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes
Blown by the serious zephyrs, gorge of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow breathed melodies;
And like a rose in vermiel tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full blown for the God to enter in."

Kate Sanborn—

The daughter of the late Professor Sanborn of Dartmouth College, and grandniece of Daniel Webster; one of the most popular women speakers on the lecture platform, and one of New England's gifted writers. Some one has said concerning her books: "The brightness of Miss Sanborn's books is like sunlight glinting clear brooks and lighting their depths. There is nothing tempestuous or gusty about her composition, yet it is full of anecdote, spirit, wit—keen thrusts in plenty, but without spite, worded to a nicety, but never shorn of strength." Her "Home Pictures of English Poets," "Wit of Women," "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," "Abandoning an Adopted Farm," "My Literary Zoo" are among her many books.

Extract from Miss Sanborn's letter: "All really great poetry I admire, love and revere—for the highest and best in poetry always seems to me an inspiration. As I endeavor to decide, these poems come to the front: 'In Memoriam,' Tennyson; 'The Chambered Nautilus,' Holmes; 'The Sculptor Boy,' Bishop Doane; 'Crossing the Bar,' Tennyson; 'My Psalm,' Whittier; 'The Eternal Goodness,' Whittier; 'The Undiscovered Country,' Stedman; 'Intimations of Immortality,' Wordsworth; 'Hymn of the Flowers,' Horace Smith; 'The Other World,' Harriet B. Stowe; 'The Jackdaw,' Cowper; 'Vision of Sir Launfal,' Lowell; 'The Answer,' translation by Rev. James F. Clarke.

"My feeble effort reminds me of what Dr. Holmes said at a Dartmouth College commencement when he was called upon to take the place of Edward Everett, who failed from illness to keep his engagement—'You came to see Niagara Falls in all their grandeur and find a one-inch hose playing feebly.' It would take a large volume to contain my favorite poems. Having compiled a Calendar, I find I prefer favorite verses

to long poems and my favorite subjects I see are Action, Duty, Love and Hope and Faith in the Beyond."

Margaret E. Sangster—

It is not possible to do justice in a few brief lines to the intellectual, moral and religious character of this great and good woman. To those among us who have not perused her literary works, we request you to start at once, for we know in her you will find naught but a true, Christian friend, and one whose utterances are for the uplifting of human souls and characters. Her most recent volume is an interesting account of her own life, entitled "From My Youth Up."

"I find myself in love with so many authors that it is difficult for me to make a choice, but no poem in the wide range of literature has meant more to me than 'The Eternal Goodness,' by John G. Whittier.

"I like very much, too, Rudyard Kipling's 'Ballad of East and West,' his 'Recessional,' and 'L'Envoi.' Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Over the Hills and Far Away' is another favorite of mine."

Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley—

The hero of Santiago.

Among the favorite poems of this noted naval officer, he counts Gray's "Elegy."

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other—
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
  God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
  Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel,
  And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
  On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
  Ere folding the hands to be and abide
  Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
  Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
  And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain—
  Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
  Some poor fellow down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time too soon will tumble
  All of us together, like leaves in gust,
  Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

—Joaquin Miller.

Clinton Scollard—

It has been truly said, "One cannot read a volume of verse by Clinton Scollard and fail to see that it is the work of a literary artist and optimist, and that it possesses a peculiar richness which characterizes it as from the pen of a man of masterly imaginative powers—a poet." Mr. Scollard belongs to that choir which delights in rendering songs of the open field, the flowers, the boughs, the fruits, the birds, the waters, the sunset, the starry firmament and all those other inspiring out-of-door things which color and enrich the psalmist's pen

as well as the brush of the painter. To see the poet at his best, read his "Hills of Songs," "The Lyric Bough," "Voices and Vision," or his "Pro Patria."

"My favorite poems are: 'Ode on a Grecian Urn,' Keats; 'Ode to a West Wind,' Shelley; 'Ode on Intimation of Immortality,' Wordsworth; 'The Blessed Damozel,' Rossetti; 'The Lotos Eaters,' Tennyson; 'The Chambered Nautilus,' O. W. Holmes; 'Lines to a Waterfowl,' Bryant; 'To Helen,' Poe; 'Nocturne,' Aldrich; 'To a Greek Girl,' Dobson; 'On Going to the Wars,' Lovelace; 'Ode to Evening,' Collins."

Henryk Sienkiewicz—

The eminent Polish author. "Quo Vadis" is his masterpiece.

It has been hinted by a bibliophile that the above named writer is an admirer of Latin classics. Before attempting to prepare a new book, he devotes much time to the reading of old masterpieces. "Quo Vadis" owes its production to the inspiration obtained while perusing Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola" and Chateaubriand's "The Genius of Christianity."

Col. David Banks Sickles—

Noted diplomat, financier and writer. At the outset of his career he made civil engineering his profession; later he devoted his attention to newspaper work and when the Civil War broke out he became war correspondent for Eastern and Western newspapers. His excellent work while serving as reporter won for him many friends, and for years after the rumble of the conflict had ceased, he enjoyed the intimate friendship of many of the noted soldiers and statesmen of '61.

As a public official, he has served as aide-de-camp on the staff of the governor of Arkansas; was diplomatic representative of the United States to Siam during the administration of General Grant, also active consul royal to the Netherlands government.

Since 1882 he has devoted much of his spare time to his literary pursuits. In his loving worship of all that is truly beautiful and sympathetic, he beholds naught but the optimistic view of life, and as the reader studies his word-pictures, the more he realizes that there is much joy, gladness and music in everything, if one could but train the eye to note things from the artist's point of view. Within the elegant covers of the "Leaves of the Lotos," the Colonel has extended to the public thoughts that lift heads and hearts heavenward, and soaring through space, carry the materialism of the age to the borderland of promised bliss and celestial choirs. As a psalmist, he belongs to the rare company whose lyres are mastered by fingers controlled by cultured, observing and thoughtful minds.

Among the number of poems classed as his favorites, the Colonel names:

Byron's "Childe Harold," Bayard Taylor's "The Palm and the Pine," Moore's "Lalla Rookh," Longfellow's "Evangeline," Keats' "The Eve of St. Agnes," Tennyson's "Maud," Gray's "Elegy," "To a Skeleton"—Anon., Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris."

(TO A SKELETON.)

[The MSS. of this poem was said to have been found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, England.]

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat;
This space was Thought's mysterious seat,
What beauteous visions filled this spot?
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shown the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void,—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue:
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear a gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,

And home to Virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

—Anonymous.

By request, Col. Sickles has favored us with a number of his own poems, and it is our privilege as well as pleasure to present as many as space will allow. The first one we offer is one which every reader should commit to memory. Its lines you will appreciate more and more as the days pass by, and as the years roll down the avenue of time you will often recall the names of many of your old acquaintances whose friendship Death alone has severed.

OLD FRIENDS.

There are no friends like old friends,
  And none so good and true;
We greet them when we meet them,
  As roses greet the dew;
No other friends are dearer,
  Though born of kindred mold;
And though we prize the new ones,
  We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like old friends,
  Where'er we dwell or roam,
In lands beyond the ocean,
  Or near the bounds of home;
And when they smile to gladden,
  Or sometimes frown to guide,
We fondly wish those old friends
  Were always by our side.

There are no friends like old friends,
To help us with the load
That all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road;
And when unconquered sorrows
The weary hours invest,
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends,
To calm our frequent fears,
When shadows fall and deepen
Through life's declining years;
And when our faltering footsteps
Approach the Great Divide,
We'll long to meet the old friends
Who wait the other side.

—"Leaves of the Lotos."

IT CANNOT BE.

(REINCARNATION.)

It cannot be that He who made
This wondrous world for our delight,
Designed that all its charms should fade
And pass forever from our sight;
That all shall wither and decay,
And know on earth no life but this,
With only one finite survey
Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years
Of toil and care and grief we live,

Shall find no recompense but tears,
No sweet return that earth can give;
That all that leads us to aspire
And struggle onward to achieve,
And every unattained desire
Were given only to deceive.

It cannot be that after all
The mighty conquests of the mind,
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall
And leave no record here behind;
That all our dreams of love and fame,
And hopes that time has swept away;
All that enthralled this mortal frame,
Shall not return some other day.

It cannot be that all the ties
Of kindred souls and loving hearts,
Are broken when this body dies,
And the immortal mind departs;
That no serener light shall break
At last upon our mortal eyes,
To guide us as our footsteps make
The pilgrimage to Paradise.

WHO KNOWS?

Who knows we have not lived before
In forms that felt delight and pain!
If death is not the open door
Through which we pass to life again!

The fruitful seed beneath the sod
In infant bud and bloom may rise;

But by the eternal laws of God
It is not quickened 'till it dies.

The leaves that tremble on the tree,
Fall 'neath the stroke of Autumn's storms;
But by some mighty mystery,
With Spring return in other forms.

As currents of the surging sea,
From undiscovered sources flow—
So what we were and yet may be,
In this brief life we may not know.

But oft some unexpected gleams
Of past and unremembered years,
Break through the doorway of our dreams
And some familiar face appears,—

A gentle spirit lost awhile,
Amid the change from death to birth,
Whose beaming eye and loving smile
Recall some former scenes of earth.

And thus unconscious of the tie—
The mystic link that love creates—
Perhaps we see our own who die,
In newer forms and other states.

Perhaps with every cycle passed
In all the ages yet to be,
Our loved will come to us at last
As parted waters find the sea—

Not wholly clad as they were seen
When death unbound their robes of clay;

But with seraphic face and mien,
And souls that cannot pass away.

The following ballad entitled "She Wore the Flower I Gave Her" is one of the finest ever penned by an American poet:

She wore the flower I gave her
Upon her sinless breast,
An emblem of the peace divine,
Her youthful soul has blest.
No other form of beauty
From Nature's perfect mould,
Could in such fitting language
Her purity unfold.

She wore the flower I gave her
That peaceful evening hour,
And all her inward beauty seemed
Transfigured in that flower.
While every early dream of love
That youthful fancy weaves,
And all the thoughts her bosom moves,
Seems folded in its leaves.

She wore the flower I gave her,
Oh! may she ever wear
That flower of fadeless beauty,
Which time can ne'er impair!
When death at last shall sever
Life's frail and silvered cord,
May she thus bloom forever
In the garden of her Lord!

We give entire the poem to "My Wife."

The queen of night is on her throne,
  Surrounded by her starry band;
  Unrivalled beauty fills the land,
And over all a charm is thrown
  My heart can scarce withstand.

And yet amid these soothing scenes,
  That to my spirits yield a balm,
  And every inward tumult calm,
A nameless longing intervenes
  To mar the mystic charm.

I hear the ocean's deep-toned voice,
  And sweeter notes of music near,
  That fall upon the listening ear;
But still my heart can scarce rejoice,
  Because thou art not here.

Few are the pleasures unalloyed
  With some unwelcome present ill,
  That comes the glowing heart to chill;
So in my breast there is a void,
  Thy smile alone can fill.

Upton Sinclair—

"The Jungle," from the pen of this writer, has stirred up the ruling bodies in the halls of power not only in America, but in Europe as well. His books denounce Capitalism and exalt Socialism. Those titles which have given him marked recognition are "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," "Manasses," "The Industrial Republic," "The Overman," and "The Jungle."

Mr. Sinclair submits the names of three of the recognized masterpieces:

"The Skylark," Shelley.

"L'Allegro," Milton.

"Ulysses," Tennyson.

Alfred Baldwin Sloane—

American composer of music. His more recent numbers to the realm of melody include the scores of the musical successes, "Lady Teazle," "The Gingerbread Man," "Sergeant Kitty," "The Mocking Bird," and "Broadway to Tokio."

"In reply, I would state that 'Aux Italiens' of Meredith—the blank verse of Shakespeare—Lucrece and the lyrics of W. S. Gilbert and the poems of Kipling."

Prof. Frederick Starr—

Noted anthropologist of the University of Chicago. Was awarded a silver medal by Queen Wilhelmina as a token of appreciation of the contributions of Indian relics which he has made to the scientific department of the National Museum at Leyden, Holland. He has been adopted as a member of the Turtle clan of Onondaga Indians and christened Haiesatha (Wisest Speaker of the Council). In 1904 he went to Japan and returned with a group of the Aime for the St. Louis Exposition. Later he headed an expedition into Congo Free State and visited various tribes for the purpose of presenting the world with much information concerning the natives of that dark region of Africa.

"Of the few poets I have read, states the Professor, I suspect Whittier made the most distinct appeal to me and that his poems relative to freedom were my favorites."

Col. Le Roy T. Steward—

General Superintendent of Police, Chicago, Ill.

This prominent official is a lover of poetry and has written a number of verses himself. When requested by the Editor to name his favorite he replied:

"You may quote me as saying that my favorite poem is Gray's 'Elegy.'"

Hon. Henry Strong—

Ex-president of the Santa Fe railroad, and one of the oldest living graduates of Harvard. He is one of the master minds in the educational sphere and when not engaged in responding to matters demanding his personal attention, he may be found among his books in his private music chapel.

"In dramatic lyric force and splendor, and in brilliant majestic repose of style, that is in a rhetorical way, I know nothing to equal Isaiah. Nothing, at any rate, that so appeals to and moves me."

—Extract from letter to E. R. V.

Charles Warren Stoddard (1843-1909)—

A man of letters and a noted traveler. As an author he wrote many volumes recording his experiences while abroad, besides issuing several volumes of poems. He was one of the ablest writers on the Pacific coast and his pen was ever busy for the best magazines and periodicals of his times. As an educator he was for several years a professor of English literature in the University of Notre Dame and later occupied the same chair in the Catholic University of America. He took a keen interest in the many noted writers he met, and recorded his impressions of their personalities in sparkling ink.

"Monterey, Cal., March 10, 1909.

"To George Leon Varney:—

"In reply I can truthfully say that there is not another poem in the English language so dear to me as

one you will find in Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' in the section called 'Calamus.' They begin thus:

'When I heard at the close of day
That my songs had been received with plaudits in the Capitol
It was not a happy night for me that followed,' etc."

Hon. Theodore Sutro—

The noted barrister and an eminent authority on questions governing taxation and corporations. His connection with the Sutro Tunnel Company, and the Comstock Tunnel Company of Nevada has given him a wide reputation as an organizer. He has written considerably on legal and on numerous other questions, and has argued strongly in favor of political reforms. Aside from such matters, he has penned the story of "The Sutro Tunnel Company and the Sutro Tunnel," the "Thirteen Chapters of American History as Represented by the Edward Moran Series of Thirteen Historical Marine Paintings," and is responsible for many poems and letters written to his wife and compiled by her under the title, "Milestones on Life's Pathway." He is president of the German-American Alliance of the state of New York, a society of 4,000 members, and a society in which he is deeply interested.

Mr. Sutro names three poems which appeal to him: "Thanatopsis," by Wm. Cullen Bryant; "The Apostrophe to the Ocean," from "Childe Harold," by Lord Byron, and "Du bist wie eine Blume," by Heinrich Heine.

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.

Thou Art so like a Flower.
(Translated from the German.)

Mr. Sutro writes and speaks German with equal facility as English and is well known as an orator in both languages.

E'en as a lovely flower,
So fair, so pure thou art;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Comes stealing o'er my heart.
My hands I fain had folded
Upon thy soft brown hair,
Praying that God may keep thee,—
So lovely, pure and fair.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, in a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling to his gods, where, haply, lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts—not so thou—
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime.
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on my breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Hon. William Taft—

The twenty-seventh president of the United States of America.

From President Taft's speech at North Yakima, Washington, September, 1909:

"I have always read with much interest Kipling's poem on the American. I do not know whether you are familiar with it. It makes Mrs. Taft so angry when she reads it that she hasn't any patience with me for liking it. The truth is that running through the American nature is a humor that we don't find anywhere else in the world, and it is a humor that is so wholesome, so full of aid to meet obstacles and of

overcoming them that as long as we retain it I agree with Kipling we shall save our nation and make it worth while."

Mary Virginia Terhune—

A writer who has gained a place in the heart of the reading public. Her nom de plume is "Marion Harland." A few of her excellent stories for girls are "Judith," "Jessamine," "Sunnybank," "Eve's Daughters," "The Distractions of Martha," and "Old Field School Girl." Her cook-book of choice recipes has made her famous.

"I would name as some of the poems that appeal most strongly to me, and for various reasons, Gray's 'Elegy,' Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar,' Kipling's 'Bell Buoy,' and perhaps chiefest among them all, Owen Meredith's marvelous poem, 'Aux Italiens.' This last has a strange and weird fascination for me."

Edith M. Thomas—

A modern poet whose verses please the most critical as well as the general public.

"A few that have been favorites:
"Homer's 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.'
"Dante's 'Divinia Commedia.'
"Milton's 'Lycidas.'
"Keats' 'Eve of St. Agnes,' and 'Hyperion.'
"Shelley's 'Adonais.'
"Swinburne's 'Hymn to Prospenia.'
"Tennyson's 'Morte d'Arthur.'
"Roumania Folksongs by Carmen Sylva."

Ernest Thompson-Seton—

Noted naturalist, artist and author. Because he has lived out in the open, his writings are not drawingroom tales but rather the biographies of birds and beasts. Any child of nature would enjoy the "Lives of the Hunted," "Biography of a Grizzly," "Biography of a Fox," or the stories of the "Wild Animals I Have Known."

"My favorite poem is, I think, Kipling's 'Feet of the Young Men,'—that is, at present."

—(Extract from letter, 1909.)

Hon. Lambert Tree—

In national affairs, Mr. Tree has served his country as its able representative to Belgium, 1885-88, and again, as its minister to Russia, 1888-89. In his own state he is hailed and consulted as one of its master minds in the halls of justice, while the city of Chicago, in addition to what has been mentioned, acknowledges him as a lover of and a promoter of all that is truly beautiful in art and in literature.

The noted jurist writes: "The Old Testament, the 23d chapter of Matthew, Scribes and Pharisees, and Shakespeare give me more pleasure, in season and out of season, than anything that I know of in the realms of literature."

CHAPTER XXIII.

1 Christ admonisheth the people to follow the good doctrine, not the evil examples, of the scribes and Pharisees. 5 His disciples must beware of their ambition. 13 He denounceth eight woes against their hypocrisy and blindness: 34 and prophesieth of the destruction of Jerusalem.

Then spake Jesus to the multitude and to his disciples.

2 Saying, The scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat:

3 All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not.

4 For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers.

5 But all their works they do for to be seen of men: they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments.

6 And love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues,

7 And greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi.

8 But be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.

9 And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven.

10 Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, even Christ.

11 But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant.

12 And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased: and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted.

13 ¶ But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.

14 Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation.

15 Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves.

16 Woe unto you, ye blind guides, which say, Whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing: but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor!

17 Ye fools and blind: for whether is greater, the gold, or the temple that sanctifieth the gold?

18 And, Whosoever shall swear by the altar, it is nothing; but whosoever sweareth by the gift that is upon it, he is guilty.

19 Ye fools and blind; for whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth the gift?

20 Whoso therefore shall swear by the altar, sweareth by it, and by all things thereon.

21 And whoso shall swear by the temple, sweareth by it, and by him that dwelleth therein.

22 And he that shall swear by heaven, sweareth by the throne of God, and by him that sitteth thereon.

23 Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.

24 Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.

25 Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.

26 Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also.

27 Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.

28 Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

29 Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous.

30 And say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets.

31 Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets.

32 Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.

33 Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

34 ¶ Wherefore, behold, I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: and some of them ye shall kill and crucify; and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute them from city to city:

35 That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar.

36 Verily I say unto you, All these things shall come upon this generation.

37 O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

38 Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.

39 For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me hence-

forth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

George P. Upton—

A musical critic.

"My two favorite poems are Matthew Arnold's 'Buried Life' and Goethe's 'Above the Tree-tops There Is Rest.'"

Henry van Dyke, D. D.—

To a small circle in this country, Dr. van Dyke is known as a professor of English literature, Princeton University; but to the broader sphere of humanity, Dr. van Dyke is more than a mere instructor—he is a friend, a preacher of optimism, a broad-minded man with a message. Beauty, simplicity and sympathy are not hidden roots in his classics, but rather are they the choice flowers whose perfume is wafted on the breeze and whose sweetness can be inhaled and appreciated by the most humble among men.

What is more touching and sympathetic among stories than his "Story of the Other Wise Man"? What Christian has not found a lesson in "The Lost Word," and who among us weary travelers has not found a word of cheer, some strength and some hope in that beautiful symphony, "The Footpath to Peace"?

The Doctor writes to the editor: "Among the poems which are especially significant and dear to me, I count—

"Tennyson's 'Ulysses.'

"Wordsworth's 'Ode on Immortality.'

"Shelley's 'Ode to a Skylark.'

"Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra.'"

Lawrence J. Vaughan, "Father Vaughan," (1863-1909.)—

It would be no small task for one who enjoyed the friendship of this fellowman to pen anything in a few words that would be a tribute to his greatness and goodness. He was one of the few characters of whom the late Dr. Spurgeon would have said if he were addressing the dead—"Those who loved you, and were helped by you, will remember you when forget-me-nots are withered. Your name has been carved on hearts and not on marble."

Father Vaughan was emphatically individual, and his powers of mind were concentrated on all that was strong and practical. His preaching was of that stamp which laid stress on the cardinal virtues of morality, active goodness and brotherly relation of man to man. He aimed to touch the heart, to uplift the fallen, to encourage the despondent, to promote and support all that was good, and to scatter the seeds of love broadcast among men—not in a temple of worship, but out in the streets of life with all the company of vice and crime surging round.

As a dramatic orator he had no superior and as an interpreter of Shakespeare's masterpieces, he enjoyed an international reputation. He wrote many poems, sermons and a number of plays. His "Prince Carl" and "A Woman of the West" gave him a place among American playwrights. The complete works of the deceased have been collected and printed by "The Vaughan Publishing Company."

Shortly before his death the noted divine stated that the two poems he would select as his favorites were Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," and Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional."

The following is an extract from Father Vaughan's "Shakespeare's Woman."

(By permission of "The Vaughan Publishing Co.")

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMAN.

To me the great world of Shakespeare is like a mighty garden—a wonderful garden of the human soul —where numberless flowers of thought bloom in profusion. In the little time that you and I may walk together we could not pause for an instant o'er each of the many flowers of thought blooming in this garden of the mind. At most we can, as it were, but rush through the pathways and the byways of that garden of thought, and inhale en masse the fragrance of the flowers. But there is one flower growing in that garden of thought that I would not have you pass unnoticed by —a tall and stately lily, trembling on the stem— Shakespeare's woman. Woman! I often wonder do we half realize the real meaning of the word. Is there anything in the world that has made man better, that has pushed on progress, that has made us men what we are, that we do not owe to woman?

I care not how great man may become through power; I care not how he may sink in his weakness; I care not what honors the world may have showered upon him, there is one word in our language that makes us all akin—that word is mother. Mother! In all the glory of honors and riches, in all the plaudits that the world gives to fame, if each and every man that has known greatness were to open his heart, and speak the truth, he would tell you that when the burdens of life seemed hard to bear, and the shadows passed for a moment o'er the sun, there were moments when he would give all the honors of the world, all the plaudits of men, for just five minutes to clasp again an old withered form, to hear an old familiar voice, and look into the time-dimmed eyes of mother.

Well has the poet said, "the hand that rocks the cradle is the power that rules the world."

The story of woman as told in Shakespeare is a story of love. God or man, a woman's life is a woman's love. Shakespeare makes the song of woman a melody of love, rippling with tones of affection. She is never the center of his picture. No; man is always the center of the picture, and woman is like a satellite that revolves forever around her little world, which is man. I do not mean to say that Shakespeare makes woman the inferior of man. O, no. We find her there as we find her in the world of life—infinitely grander, infinitely superior to man, but not in herself. Woman becomes grand in that God-like elevating influence which she exercises on the God-creature, man.

It does not seem to me that there are many women in Shakespeare. It seems to me it is always the same woman, but in a different position, under different circumstances, fighting against different forces, always a creature of her love. God or man a woman's love is a woman's life.

Is it a pure innocent maiden standing on that mystic line trembling between maidenhood and womanhood? She loves, and still she scarcely knows the meaning of that word love. She has never dreamed of the mysteries of a mother or a wife. She meets in life her ideal, her prince; she loves him, not realizing the burden of love; and still she will throw away home and friends and gold and the world, and cling, God only knows how she clings, to the man she loves. Is not that Juliet? Sweet and tender Juliet; only an innocent, trembling child who has never learned the mystery of life, yet she lives or dies with the fortunes of her love?

Is it a woman older grown? She has crossed that

mystic line between maidenhood and womanhood; she has met her affinity in life; she has married and settled down to the humdrum life of rearing a family; and all her life, all her world is encompassed in the four walls of the home of the man she loves. And all of a sudden there comes a change, she becomes a woman of the world; she throws open the doors of her home; entertains lavishly; becomes deeply interested in every public affair. There is a chair vacant in the affairs of men, and there is only one man in God's world that can fill that chair—her man—the man she loves. Is not that Lady Macbeth?

Think what you will of woman in the day of sunshine or the hour of glee, but in the hour of pain, and the day of distress, in the moment of pressing needs, grander, stronger than all the men in the world is the heart and soul of one true, loving woman. This is the philosophy of Shakespeare: One bad woman can grasp the soul of a man and drag him down until he stands knocking at the gates of hell. But e'en at the gates of hell, a woman purer than she can grasp the soul of a man and drag him back again until she binds his soul for ever to the great white throne of God.

And nowhere in the literature of the world will we find this golden sphere of woman so clearly marked out as in Shakespeare. We find it in every play that he has written. Indeed so strongly was this power of woman impressed upon the mind of Shakespeare that it has become the distinguishing mark of his work. Indeed so clearly defined is the power of Shakespeare's woman that she makes his plays what they are, either comedies or tragedies. If the woman be a bad woman, the play is always a tragedy. If the woman of the play be a good woman, it is always a comedy. Hence the

philosophy of life: "It is woman that saves or damns the world." This is clearly brought out in "A Winter's Tale," where for four acts we are lead to expect a tragedy, but the woman is a good woman—Hermione—and Shakespeare can only make the drama of life end in a burst of sunshine.

"Romeo and Juliet" has all the marks of a comedy. There is no reason in God's world why these two young, honest, loving people should find life a tragedy. But Juliet forgets the sacred dignity of her womanhood; she disregards the laws of conventionality; she forgets the sacredness of parental authority; she is not, in the strict sense of the word, a good woman; and with all her sweet qualities she reaps the reward of a woman who falls—tragedy and death.

"Measure for Measure" cries out for tragedy in every line as the plot progresses, but Isabella, with her pure, angelic soul draws good from all around her, and the play is a comedy.

Desdemona, sweet as an angel, pure as even woman should be; but she forgets the sphere of woman—she seeks man. She steps down to one beneath her; she defiles her father's house with deceit, and because she deceived her father Othello lets the devil of jealousy in: "She deceived her father, she may deceive me," and tragedy is the result.

General Lewis Wallace, "Lew Wallace,"—(1827-1905.)

Famous author, soldier and diplomat. Known the sphere over as the author of "Ben Hur." As a soldier in the field of active service, he served as an officer in the Mexican War and later took part in the Civil strife.

He was a member of the court which tried the assassins of President Lincoln, and also was a member of the body that tried Wirz, commandant of the Andersonville prison. He dis-

tinguished himself as governor of New Mexico and later was appointed United States minister to Turkey.

Speaking of "Ben Hur," it is interesting to note that besides being staged, it has been translated in no less than ten languages, including several Oriental tongues, and there has been recently published an edition for the blind in raised letters. Other books by General Wallace are "The Fair God," "The Prince of India," "Commodus," "The Boyhood of Christ," and his last, and in many respects the most interesting one—the story of his own eventful career—"An Autobiography."

The following communication speaks for itself:

"To Geo. Leon Varney: Jan. 11, 1907.

"Mrs. Wallace directs me to write that Gen. Wallace's favorite poem was Tennyson's 'Passing of Arthur' ('Idyls of the King'). 'Prisoner of Chillon' (Byron) was also a great favorite and 'The Ancient Mariner,' (Coleridge). His favorite play was 'Hamlet.'

"(Signed.) L. Wallace, Secretary."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward—

A voluminous and inspiring writer whose name has illumined our book shelves for years. Her literary and poetic compositions are noted for their intensity, earnestness and sincerity. Her "Story of Jesus Christ" is one of the most beautiful stories about the Master ever written, and her tale called "Loveliness" is regarded as the best argument against vivisection ever penned. To understand the author's views regarding the future abiding place of man, one needs only to peruse the pages of her "Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," "The Gates Between," or her "Within the Gates." "The Oath of Allegiance" is one of her recent novels; it deals with the crisis in the lives of men and women of the day.

"September 29, 1909.

"At first thought I should say that among my favorite poems are:

"Wordsworth's 'Intimations of Immortality.'
"Shelley's 'Skylark.'
"Tennyson's 'In Memoriam;' 'Crossing the Bar.'
"Whittier's 'Eternal Goodness.'
"Mrs. Browning's 'Portuguese Sonnets.'
"Robert Browning's 'One Word More.'"

Anne Warner—

A versatile writer who has penned many delightful stories, including that offering which has made her famous, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

The following letter was received from the writer while she was tarrying at Braunschweis, Germany, April 22, 1909:

"I find it quite impossible to reply to your question as my favorite poetry is not in English. I am not a great reader of poetry in any case and I suppose the 'Iliad' is the only thing I've read many times. I haven't read that since I was fourteen years old. It certainly was never my favorite.

"Probably if I had time to read and re-read I would know what I did like best at this period in my life, but I hope and trust that I should continue to advance so fast that the choice would not endure long. Only a very narrow person continues unchanged in their views. I change mine every chance I get to learn more and learn better. I hope to keep right on changing until I change from here to the next life."

"Onoto Watanna" (Winifred Eaton Babcock)—

Cupid plays a leading role in the Land of the Rising Sun and to understand his Oriental pranks, one has but to ride in a jinrikisha among the flowers and groves, and there discover the snares set by the mischievous god of love. But to all it is not given the privilege to travel afar, and to that vast majority whose wide world must ever be the little hallowed spot called "Home" there is a word of cheer tendered. The brave Nipponese, the almond-eyed Geisha girls, the sacred dragons, the quaint bronzes, the delicate textures, the flowers and the bamboo hills are all possible in one's own sphere, if one will but summon them to one's own fireside of love and fancy.

And one can bring them to one's self in no better way than by calling for "Onoto Watanna." Like a goddess, she holds a magic wand and with a few passes the Orient and the Occident are melted into one. Under the spell of her power, one may note the "Wooing of Wistaria," or may be led to fair gardens to inhale the sweet perfume wafted on the winds from "A Japanese Blossom"—or one may list to the love ditties of "A Japanese Nightingale" as it warbles to its mate—or one may wander to the very fount of Japanese love and tarry in the midst of soul-inspiring grandeurs and hear the throbbing of the sacred "Heart of Hyacinth."

And when one retraces one's steps back from the fields of poppies and avenues of graven idols, one emerges from the sphere of fancy reluctantly, and, like a child, wonders when another literary journey may be made to the kingdom across the sea in company with that most interesting and charming of guides—"Onoto Watanna."

"If I have a favorite poem, I think it must be Keats' 'Ode to a Nightingale,' which has an exquisite fascination for me. Kipling's 'Mandalay' and 'Gunga Din' are favorites of mine, and Longfellow's 'The Day is Done, and the Darkness Falls from the Wings of Night.'"

Stanley Waterloo—

Author and journalist. Has contributed to the leading columns of the press. Among his many writings we name: "A Man and a Woman," "The Wolf's Long Howl," "The Seekers," "The Cassowary," and "The Story of a Strange Career."

"Those which usually come to me and chant themselves in my mind when I am not closely engaged are three:

"Longfellow's 'Skeleton in Armor,' Oberon's dreamy dictation to Puck in 'A Midsummer's Night's Dream,' beginning 'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,' and that disconnected and non-ending opium fancy of Coleridge, beginning 'In Xanadu did Kubla Khan.'"

Marcus P. Wheeler ("The Hash Man of Windsor")—

Like his talented sister, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mr. Wheeler is a writer of verses. He has contributed many of his rhymes to the columns of various newspapers and quite recently published his first volume of blank verses.

Here is Mr. Wheeler's reply:—

"My favorite poem," do you ask?
Dear sir, I cannot tell,
I have so many favorites!
I love them all, so well.
But some are found in Dr. Watts,
Others in Bobby Burns;
The Careys, Mrs. Hemans,
All favorites, by turns.
Lord Byron (sometimes), Thomas Moore,
Jane Taylor, old "Anon."
And scores of others, whose grand songs
Must still keep living on.

Some poets of today can move
To mirth, to tears, or ire.
A hundred modern writers show
The real poetic fire.
I never feel one single thrill
O'er Milton's "Paradise,"
While "Thanatopsis" shakes my soul
As when great billows rise!
Tom Hood, or Holmes, or Saxe or Kirk,
I much prefer to Poe.
But which my favorite poem is
I—really—do—not—know!!

(Note by Editor.—At a later date, Mr. Wheeler sent the following lines: "Since you first asked for my favorite poem I have caught myself repeating portions of Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' time and time again. Were it not the fact that I enjoy ridiculous, comic and dialect poems, I would say 'Thanatopsis' at once.")

? ? ? FOR NATURALISTS.

One morning in Autumn while out for a ride
Some thousands of voices along the roadside
Broke forth into song, as we trotted along,—
And gave us a symphony, hearty and strong.

The birds left behind us would pass on the word
Then lapse into silence with perfect accord;
While all the near tree tops were full of their glee;
And it certainly seemed they were singing for me.

But who trained that choir? And which of them led?
What fills the small space in a tiny bird's head?

And how could the birdies hatched only last spring
Acquire ability anthems to sing?
Instinct? Heredity? Constant selection?
Shall we say evolution has led to perfection?
Did they sing the same song in the morn of creation?
Or have they at times had Divine Revelation?

* * *

Have you ever sat down, at the falling of night
To watch, till the dawning of morning's grey light,
While gnats and mosquitoes were tuning their lyres
And lightning-bugs fitfully poking their fires?
Your musket at ready, with every sense
Alert and acute, nerves painfully tense;—
(For the reason that just over there in the wood
Is a good Christian soldier who thirsts for your blood?)

Upon such an occasion, I heard from the marsh
A discordant bellow, repellant and harsh,
It startled me so that I sprang from the log;—
But shortly discovered 'twas merely a frog!
For quick, in response to his violoncello
Came all the frog parts, from a peep to a bellow.
It was frolic and symphony, blended in one,
And all the frog family joined in the fun.
A silence would follow, till over the marsh
Resounded that signal, discordant and harsh;
Then voice after voice would take up the refrain
And swell the full chorus again, and again!

Now. Who teaches pollywogs anthems to sing?
This question comes back to me, every spring.
Has their song been evolved? Was it thus at creation?

Or has it improved by Divine Revelation?
Do they sing in accordance with natural laws?
Or is all their singing "Just merely because?"

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Geo. W. Riggs)—

Author of many juvenile books. There are but few homes in America where there are children in which "The Bird's Christmas Carol" has not been read and loved. "Timothy's Quest," "A Cathedral Courtship," "The Diary of a Goose Girl," are all friends of the young folks, while "Rebecca" is just the nicest child in American literature according to the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

"My favorite long poems, writes Mrs. Riggs, are Browning's 'Ring and the Book,' Milton's 'L'Allegro,' Wordsworth's 'Immortality Ode.' Short poems are Keats' 'Ode to a Grecian Urn,' Shelley's 'Skylark,' Browning's 'My Star,' Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar,' Kipling's 'L'Envoi'—beginning 'When Earth's last picture is painted.' "

L'ENVOI.

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!
And those who were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair;

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene,
Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be
tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the
Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his
separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of
Things as They Are!

Stewart Edward White—

As the titles of his books suggest, he has constituted himself an authority on the wild west in its pioneer days. Those who rave over the Western man and his environment and who delight in tales of real atmosphere and action should read "The Blazed Trail," "The Westerners," "Arizona Nights," "Camp and Trail," or the author's latest work, "The Riverman."

Mr. White, in a letter to the Editor, states:

"Some of the verses that now come to mind that I like well are such as—

"Emerson's 'Days,' 'Each and All,' 'Threnody.'

"Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King.'

"Kipling's 'Pioneer,' 'Bell Buoy,' 'Recessional.'

"Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' 'Kubla Khan.'"

Brand Whitlock—

Mayor of Toledo, Ohio. Author of "The Turn of the Balance," "The Thirteenth District," "Her Infinite Variety," "The Happy Average," and other popular books.

Of the 130 poems named by Mr. Whitlock as those which are liked at his home, we give the titles of but a few, mostly those which have not been mentioned by other contributors:

"When She Comes Home," "Old Aunt Mary's," "Old October," "Lockerbie Street"—James Whitcomb Riley.

"The Legend of Evil," "McAndrew's Hymn," "The Song of the Banjo," "The Three Decker," "For to Admire"—Rudyard Kipling.

"The Bewildered Guest," "Calvary," "Parable," "Society"—William Dean Howells.

"The Poet and His Song," "Life," "A Death Song"—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

"The Jolly Beggars," "O, Green Grow the Rushes," "Holy Willie's Prayer"—Robert Burns.

"A Shropshire Lad"—A. E. Housman.

"Before a Crucifix"—Algernon Chas. Swinburne.

"Life and Death"—Ernest Crosby.

"A Little Parable"—Anna Reeve Aldrich.

THE DREAM OF DEATH.

Death is a dream of mortal mind,
  As all were born for endless years;
But leave their dusty robes behind,
  In passing on to higher spheres.
Though cruel creeds of church and school
  Have filled the human heart with awe,
The eternal love of God will rule

With nature's universal law.
When our dull eyes are closed on earth,
To open on a grander scene,
Where joy will crown a newer birth
Beyond the gulf that lies between,
Then we shall know the viewless state,
From every finite fetter free;
Where spirits disenthralled await
A blessed immortality.

—David Banks Sickles.

(From the Paterson Press, Feb. 2, 1910.)

Ella Wheeler Wilcox—

America's favorite poetess. She wields a brilliant pen in presenting many hopeful, masterful views of life, and her aim is ever to elevate Right and suppress Wrong. Her style is so pure and simple, her thoughts so clear and transparent that the humblest as well as the most highly cultured may read her works and feel benefited. The poetic beauties from her inkstand have adorned the pages of our very best magazines and periodicals. Her books are "Three Women," "Poems of Power," "Poems of Pleasure," "Poems of Passion," "The Love Sonnets of Abelard and Heloise," etc., all of which are published by the "W. B. Conkey Company," Hammond, Ind.

Extract from letter dated Oct. 19, 1909:

"I used to love Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King' and 'In Memoriam.' I am fond of Milton's sonnet which ends with 'They also serve who only stand and wait.' Swinburne is a favorite of mine. I think the greatest American poem is 'Herod and Mariamne,' by Amelie Rives."

LIFE.

An infant lies in her cradle bed;
The fingers of sleep on her eyelids fall.
The moments pass with a noiseless tread
And the clock on the mantel counts them all.
The infant wakes with a wailing cry;
But she does not know how her life drifts by.

A child is sporting in careless play;
She rivals the birds with her merry song.
The clock, unheeded, ticks away,
And counts the moments that drift along.
But the child is chasing the butterfly;
And she does not heed how her life drifts by.

A maiden stands at her lover's side
In the tender light of the setting sun.
Onward and onward the moments glide,
And the old clock counts them, one by one.
But the maiden's bridal is drawing nigh;
And she does not heed how her life drifts by.

A song of her youth the matron sings;
And she dreameth a dream, and her eye is wet.
And backward and forward the pendulum swings
In the clock that never has rested yet.
And the matron smothers a half drawn sigh
As she thinks how her life is drifting by.

An old dame sits in an easy chair;
Her head is bent on her aged breast.
The old clock ticks on the mantel there—
The clock that is longing now for rest.

And the old dame smiles as the moments fly,
And thinks how her life is drifting by.

A shrouded form in a coffin bed;
A waiting grave in the sodden ground.
The moments pass with a noiseless tread;
But the clock on the mantel makes no sound.
The lives of the two have flown for aye,
And they do not know how the time drifts by.

(Reprinted by special permission of Mrs. Wilcox and the W. B. Conkey Co., publishers of Mrs. Wilcox's complete works.)

Edith Franklin Wyatt—

Author of "True Love," "Every One His Own Way," and other notable books.

Among this writer's favorites are:

Keats' "Ode to a Grecian Urn," "Ode to a Nightingale," "Ode to Autumn."

Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," "Sonnet on London Bridge," "The World is Too Much With Us."

Whitman's "Song of the Open Road," "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed."

Hood's "The Bridge of Sighs."

Poe's "To Helen," "To One in Paradise."

James Carleton Young ("The King of Books")—

This bibliophile owns one of the finest libraries in the world. His library differs from any other in existence in this respect—its racks are filled with the best books of the most celebrated writers and each book is inscribed by the pen of its author. Mr. Young's devotion to his art has brought him in touch with the most brilliant men and women of the age. Writers, scientists, artists, kings and queens in almost every land are proud to claim him as friend. The day is not far distant when Mr.

Young will be knighted by the civilized world what a few have already christened him, "The King of Books," and his precious library will remain a kingdom when all other realms swayed by sceptres shall have been ground into republics or swallowed up by the angry seas.

In answer to the query, the noted authority states that among his favorites—

"The first is 'Frankness in Love.' I am not at liberty to give you the name of the author, but it is one that has always appealed to me. It is the avowal of a lover, who says to the one he adores, 'Thou art not my first love,' which shows his frankness. Then in the following lines he shows his loyalty to the one he had loved in the years gone by. I really do not believe that in the English language there are eight lines which contain greater sentiment or which mean more."

FRANKNESS IN LOVE.

Thou art not my first love;
  I had loved before we met,
And the memories of that summer's dream
  Are pleasant to me yet.
But thou,—thou art my last love,
  The sweetest and the best;
My heart but shed its outer leaves,
  To give thee all the rest.

"Second, I send you 'Marguerite Playing Airs from Carmen.' This was written by Arthur Upson and I took it from the 'Bellman' of Oct. 31, 1908, though my impression is that it had been printed before and was not copyrighted. Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote me a four-page letter upon receiving the book of poems of

this young poet, which I had sent him, in which he stated that his poetry was too great to be appreciated in this age and that he would be recognized in the days to come. He lived in Minneapolis and was the most brilliant poet that this part of the world has ever produced."

MARGUERITE PLAYING AIRS FROM CARMEN.

[Dedicated to Marguerite Young, only daughter of James Carleton Young.]

There's a new beauty thrilling in my soul
When I behold those supple, childish hands
Winning the proud piano to control,
Taming the passionate music of wild lands:

Slender maid-fingers rousing melodies
Within the mighty sleeping instrument
Where thunder-toned sonatas lie at ease,
And infinite fair fugues dream on content!

Soft girl-hands that transpose the airs of Spain
By white, still magic to a lovelier key
Unknown to wise maestri, and in vain
Looked for in books where written measures be!

I almost think that Carmen's is no more
The madly wilful heart, but fine and sweet,
And that her voice, not mournful as of yore,
Sings joy beneath the touch of Marguerite!

"The third is Charles Reade's 'Drifting.'
"The fourth is 'Fantasma's Temptation of Florian.'"
—[From Arcadius Yonge's 'Fantasma.']

From "Fantasma," written by Arcadius Yonge and dedicated to James Carleton Young, "The King of Books."

FANTASMA TO FLORIAN.

If I, indeed, am beautiful to thee
Come thou with me!
Thou canst not know
What bliss, what beauty, what full ecstasy
I can bestow!

All I have shown thee of beauty and power
Is merely the show of a vanishing hour,
A type, and no more!
But glory shall weave thee a garland divine,
Beauty unveiled in her splendor shall shine,
Pleasure, and power, and fame shall be thine—
If thou wilt be mine!

The spirit of music shall bow to thy will
Till thy bosom is calm, and thy pulses are still;
The inmost recess of thy soul it shall fill,
Till thou lose the remembrance of wrong!
All day shall the low, liquid sound of a rill
Be blent with the oriole's tremulous trill,
All night the swift, silver-winged moments shall thrill
To the mocking-bird's passion of song!

There shall the asphodel brighten thy bower,
Rich with the odors of blossoming pine;
The amaranth bloom by the sweet passion-flower,
Emblems of faith and of beauty divine:

There is the life for which nature has meant thee;
There shalt thou drink of the poet's nepenthe;
Heaven-sent food of the soul shall content thee—
Earth in her beauty and glory be thine!

Israel Zangwill—

Man of letters, lecturer and one of the most enlightened Hebrews of the hour. He is deeply interested in the reform movement being carried on in the ghettoes of our larger cities. Among his numerous publications are "The Children of the Ghetto," "Merely Mary Ann," "Ghetto Tragedies," "The Master," "The Grey Wig," and "The Melting Pot." His plays are "The Children of the Ghetto," "The Moment of Death," "Nurse Marjorie," "The Revolted Daughter," and "The Melting Pot." The last one is considered to be the greatest play of the age and has for its idea the amalgamation of the races of the world in America.

"Far End, East Preston, England, August 17, 1909.

"In the impossibility of discriminating among the countless treasures of profane literature I should select the first four verses of the second chapter of Isaiah."

—Extract from Mr. Zangwill's letter.

Christ's kingdom foretold.

ISAIAH.

Chapter ii, vs. 1-4.

The word that Isaiah the son of Amoz saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem.

2 And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.

3 And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and

let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

4 And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

The complete works of the late Father L. J. VAUGHAN have been published in one set of two volumes, of nearly 500 pages each, embracing his lectures, sermons, poems and dissertations. Beautifully illustrated and handsomely bound, and will be shipped prepaid to any address upon receipt of price.

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CHICAGO

Tainted money is evil but it can sometime confer benefits by bequests, loans, and financial aids to worthy people.

All fruits have green, spoiled berries but grand happy lads have unhappy days likewise. The good, old days even had their unhappy days.

The Big Four (Russia, United States, Great Britain, and China) will consider two plans for peace in post war parleys. 1. The League of Nations Idea. 2. The Regional or Zone of Influence Idea.

Sumner Welles advocates the division of belligerent Germany into three parts - North, Central, and Southern). Otherwise, we can expect another war by 1970.

Feb. 8, 1945

The Big Three, Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill, are meeting in a secret Black Sea Russian town to confer on war plans. Yalta Crimea Conference

1. Joint plans for occupation and control of Nazi Germany after defeat of Reich.

2. Detailed plans for cooperation and understanding in meeting the political problems of liberated Greece, France, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Denmark, Norway, Yugoslavia, and Albania. The Nazi satellites Roumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary are on the agenda.

3. Mutual measures for tripartite action to meet political problems.

4. Early establishment of a permanent international organization to maintain peace.